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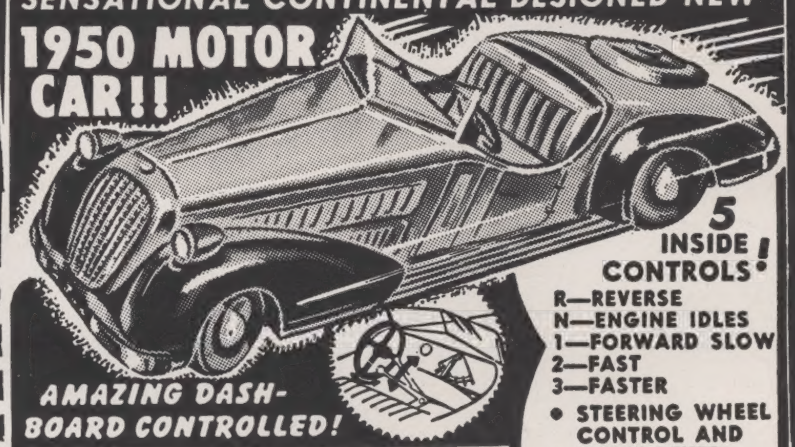

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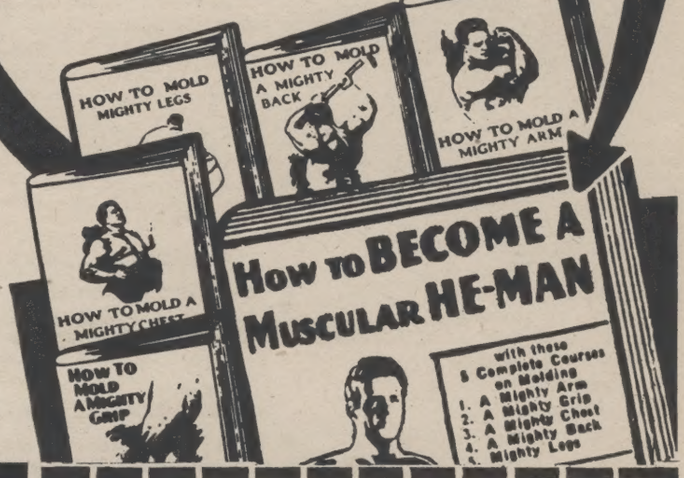
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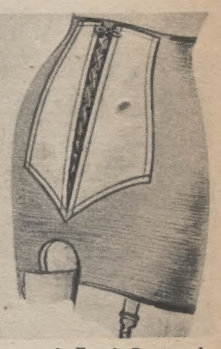

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ON THE *Stag* LINE...

SPENT several hectic days in Washington, D.C., checking facts and comparing notes with H. Walton Cloke, who drew the assignment to write the "Government-Sponsored Housing Failure" exposé, which starts on page 16. Most intriguing expense account item was a charge for 39 phone calls (made in less than two days) from Room 802-B of The Shoreham. In Washington it generally takes five phone calls to different sources to set up a single interview. Upon returning to sanctuary in the Empire State Building we received a phone call from a prankster.

"Why didn't you say you were stopping in Washington," he demanded. "I know a guy who could fix you up with a deep-freeze unit."

* * *

Fellow called office to say Marine Corps non-coms living in Lustron (the firm under attack) Prefab houses, at the Quantico base, seemed to like 'em fine. For GI quarters on the post they may be great—but the big question seems to be: is there any genuine consumer attraction in an all-steel prefab—particularly among young couples who figure on spending ten, fifteen years in any house they must sink $10,000 in? The average soldier doesn't stay at one location long enough for it to really matter.

* * *

To most Americans who never get tired of reading about Hollywood as a gilt-edged goon haven where licentiousness, opium-eating and press agentry seem to be the main vocations and avocations, Cam Shipp's earnest revelations on page 38 should come as no surprise. However, even those people who have become conditioned to this sort of folderol must have raised their eyebrows at the report that there is now a specific market in Hollywood for chest toupees. They say some of the most virile leading men in the cinema colony are being measured for the hirsute devices.

* * *

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

The rotund, self-styled Saloon Editor of the New York Post, Earl Wilson, busies himself taking "the measure" of lanky Nevada Smith, Harold Minsky showgirl. That's Nevada's chapeau atop Earl's dome. He authored "Pike's Peak or Bust."

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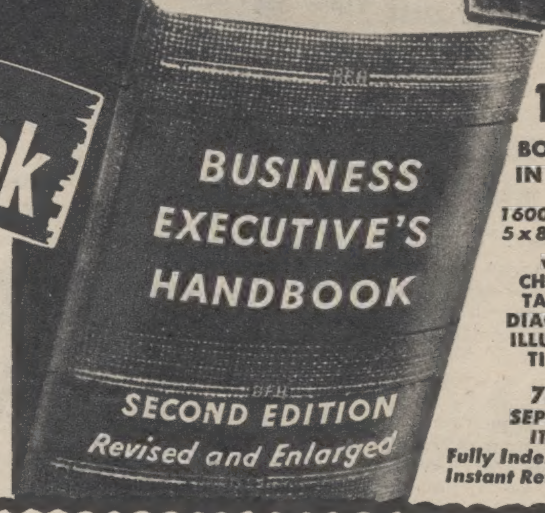

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HINTS ON BUYING MERCHANDISE: Buying the right thing; how to standardize specifications; buying the right amount at the right place, at the right time, at the right price; procedure for handling and analyzing bids; requisitions and purchase orders; receiving and inspecting incoming goods; checking invoices; stores and inventory control.

HOW TO MANAGE AN OFFICE: Do the little details of office routine "throw" you? Here is a commonsense road-map to follow when you need help on: planning and maintaining the office for efficiency; equipment, files and appliances; making office procedure function smoothly; economies in the use and printing of forms; hiring and training new employees.

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ON THE *Stag* LINE...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

One of the Editors of STAG got himself engaged during the period in which the magazine was squirming out of its cocoon. Several New York newspapers reported the engagement in the usual way in which such social items are documented. However, in reporting on the glowing qualities of the two to-be-marrieds no paper made a mention of the pertinent fact that the male participant in this marriage scheme was connected with this particular publication. This was, perhaps, sheer oversight—or merely a round-about way of informing the magman that his engagement took him off the STAG-line for good.

* * *

When a new magazine is being prepared, manuscripts from all sections of the United States—and some from Canada—start rolling into the office. For the most part, the unsolicited stories are sent in by enterprising free-lancers, some of whom are familiar to the editors by name or reputation. However, there is a group of relative unknowns of all occupations and persuasions who are tempted to break into the magazine field. They literally deluge the Manuscript Editor with their efforts. Many of their tomes are interesting, full of anecdotes, and well written. Space limitations, of course, make it impossible for too many new writers to be "discovered," though the editors get a kick out of being able to launch a promising prospect on a magazine career. STAG hopes to uncover more than a few literary lights.

* * *

"Toujours, LaRose, toujours.

When writer John Keating visited Boston to gather material for his yarn (in this issue, page 35) on The Old Howard, he was informed that the only stripper ever barred from the Scollay Square burlesque joint's stage was Rose LaRose. Since this seemed to be an historical fact to note, Mr. Keating dutifully reported same in his STAG essay. Some weeks later this department dispatched photographer George Woodruff to the scene to cover the picture angle. Lo and behold, when the finished job appeared on the picture editor's desk, whom do you suppose was the featured performer? That's right . . . Mlle. LaRose, who else? Seems she'd been exonerated or pardoned, or whatever you want to call it when the Watch & Ward Society suffers a change of heart. At any rate Writer Keating hastily sat down to the typewriter, and in rather red-faced fashion, proceeded to make suitable and necessary adjustments in the manuscript.

* * *

From the late baseball season a report has filtered in concerning a new individual record which you won't find listed in any of the record books. The mark belongs to Stanley Warren, a member of the American Broadcasting Company staff, who as a fan on vacation saw 22 consecutive ball games late in the '49 season. Warren, who works in New York, took his vacation in Boston to enjoy the long home stand, and thus set the new mark. "The old record of 21 games was set in 1946," he recalls with a grin. "Only at that time Ann and I had to make two road trips with the team to keep the string intact. This time we saw 22—count 'em—22, right at Fenway! And that includes doubleheaders, morning-afternoon games, and what have you," he adds.

* * *

We had a visit from a more intrepid sort of writer than we generally encounter, fellow named Ken Jones who wanted to join the French Foreign Legion on behalf of STAG. We managed to talk Ken out of what sounded like pretty drastic steps to take to break into this magazine, and so we compromised on "My Five Days as a Test Pilot." Writer Jones will spend the better part of a week riding as co-pilot on a new trans-oceanic ship taking its initial test flight over the Atlantic. All of which brings us to the end of our first Stag Line report. Incidentally, we're interested in getting your slants on what you think of the stories in this issue of the magazine. Do us a favor and work on the questionnaire you will find on page 60. Fill it out, send it in to us, and in that way help us produce the kind of men's magazine you men will want to read.

. . . and in the NEXT ISSUE

The next issue of STAG, which will hit your neighborhood newsstand around Christmas-time, has readied a lineup of action-packed, factual, absorbing stories by some of America's top reporters and "get-it-straight-get-it-quick" writers featuring personalities, issues, and places about which you've always wanted to get the real lowdown.

★

Here are a few that are scheduled: "TEST PILOT": Ken Jones turns in mile-by-mile, thrill-by-thrill report on the testing of major transoceanic equipment now being prepared by Lockheed for eventual delivery to Air France. Jones, flying as co-test pilot on these ships, will let you know how the "big stuff" is tested for commercial service, how the aircraft is tested for fire control, how they know the bird will fly on one of four motors, how they prove the de-icing boots will work in real storms.

★

One of the Senate's handsomest, most provocative young Senators is Washington's Warren G. Magnuson, New Dealer who has been linked with glamour girls and top models. Richard Neuberger lets you meet this Capitol Hill matinee idol, who turns out to be much more than a legislating hunk of good looks.

★

Did you know that "SIX MURDERERS OUT OF TEN ARE AT LARGE"? In 1919 Martin Lavin was arrested for counterfeiting, in 1920 for violating the Volstead Act, in 1921 for felonious assault, in 1923 for grand larceny. In 1932, he was arrested for murder, but not convicted. A month later, he was arrested for murder again, feigned insanity and was discharged after psychiatric observation. Nationally-recognized psychiatrist Dr. Frederic Wertham predicted Lavin would commit still other murders. Three months later Lavin murdered again! This is just part of the startling array of facts that writer Jules Archer has uncovered in the preparation of his hard-to-believe exposé.

★

"YOUR PROSTATE AND POTENCY" by Eugene B. Mozes, M.D., is a medically-accurate piece on an ailment that afflicts about one in every three men past sixty — the enlarged prostate. In language you can understand Dr. Mozes flays popular fallacies about the prostate, tells you what to look for, what to do, allays your fears about impotency, sets the record straight on the prostate and venereal disease.

★

STAG will also feature specials on hunting and fishing, stories on sports figures, a spy thriller in its all-star alignment . . . all in the next issue!

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Important business subjects made easy in this book include bank interest, discount, income on securities, payment on mortgages, choice of insurance plans, and many others. Problems in systems of weights and measures, including both the ordinary English system and the metric system, are given, which you will find most useful and important in everyday life. The use of graphs and charts and how they are made and interpreted is clearly explained; and an entire chapter is provided to enable you to solve any kind of a problem in percentage that may come up in business or industry.

ALGEBRA: This book makes algebra a live interesting subject. It does away with the excessive use of musty symbolism that has always been so discouraging. The author starts with simple problems from everyday life that can be solved by arithmetic and shows you how to apply algebraic methods. When you have learned the principles in this easy way, he takes you, step by step, into the more complex problems.

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we're headed for POLYGAMY!

Census figures tell us 7,500,000 U.S. women will never find mates as scramble for vanishing American husband goes on

by jules archer

THE latest U. S. census figures have just confirmed what has been alarmingly apparent for some time. In 1940 our population was neatly balanced by the sexes—100.7 men for every 100 women. Today, however, the odds have changed violently, with 110 women to every 11.1 men. Translation: there are over 7,500,000 females in the United States who will never get husbands.

This year alone it is estimated that there are 642,000 young women of marriageable age who are doomed to disappointment. The situation is aggravated by the fact that some 176,000 more men than women die every year, adding that many more widows to the scramble for the vanishing American husband.

As a reward for his scarcity, the bachelor today finds himself in the enviable position of being pursued, rather than pursuing. The female on the pedestal, that romantic illusion carefully fostered by our Victorian antecedents, has jumped off the pedestal to fight for the legal right to relinquish her virginity. With no holds barred.

The result has been, as Dr. Kinsey has shown only too clearly, that American men have become increasingly prone to follow the advice of Thoreau, who suggested, "Do not be too moral—you may cheat yourself out of much life so." If the straws in the Indiana wind are reliable, what Dr. Kinsey will soon reveal of female morals in his new study may shock the nation into realizing that our whole system of monogamous marriage is obsolete.

Co-ordinator of the celebrated sex report on U.S. males is Dr. Alfred Kinsey whose new study of female morals may shed different light on problem.

It should be evident, even before Dr. Kinsey gets around to confirming it statistically, that female "morals" are incompatible with a man shortage. If we are short over 7,500,000 men, needed to give each Eve her private Adam, that same number of Eves must necessarily give up hope of ever reaching a marital bed *via* the approved route. But as long as there are Adams willing to lend their services on a short-term loan, nature will see to it that virginity in America is kept at its customary minimum.

According to estimates by Dr. Lewis Terman, John McPartland and other authorities, some 70% of women today are fully rehearsed in what to expect on their honeymoons. Dr. Terman predicts that by 1958, today's vice will be tomorrow's virtue, with virgins representing approximately 1% of all brides.

The cold facts are bad enough, but their implications are even worse. The drastic husband shortage will spur more and more women to offer their bodies with no strings attached. Our experience in two war periods has shown this to be inevitable. With sex at a discount, the ranks of marital prospects will decline even further.

Thus, instead of merely 7,500,000 spinsters—as bad as that is—we may be faced with an actually far greater number of women without husbands, and an equal jump in the number of bachelors. The vast pool of man-starved women will also offer new temptations to married men. This, in turn, can easily disrupt our marriage structure, which even now verges on bankruptcy by virtue of one divorce for every three marriages.

Idle speculation? Not according to Dr. Kinsey, who summarized his findings by concluding that over 50% of American husbands are unfaithful to their wives at some time during their marriage. It would be naive to assume that this extra-marital activity by over 15,000,000 husbands is limited to the company of prostitutes. Exactly how large a proportion of their sexual partners come from our "surplus" women, we shall have to wait for Dr. Kinsey's new statistics to determine.

Meanwhile, where is all this going to lead?

When a dam is about to burst, you can't hold it back by shaking a disapproving finger and saying. "Don't." Sex, the strongest driving force in the world, cannot be restrained by pious language. Our divorce statistics, and the Kinsey Report, are only too tragic evidence of this fact.

In a broad way, the sexual complexion of any population usually dictates its own moral laws. Whenever men have outnumbered women, women have enjoyed singular privileges and homage. In the "they-went that-away" days of our own West,

"We must have polygamy," Virginia Kellems, 51, told a Cleveland audience, "or millions of unmarried women must be given equal job chances."

any male who forgot himself long enough to make a pass at a lady who complained was often strung to the nearest oak by a band of outraged gallants.

On the other hand, where women have outnumbered men, the mores of such societies have taken many strange shapes—strange, at least, to the occidental mind which accepts the permanent union of one male and one female as the only legal sexual pattern. Americans would undoubtedly never have sent an ambassador to the legendary Greek nation of Amazons, where the ladies did the fighting and used the numerically smaller sex of men only for stud purposes.

The most normal solution of the woman surplus problem, however, has always been polygamy in one form or another. This has been true throughout history, from the centuries of the pre-Christian era to the fairly recent period of Mormon excitement. And it is true today in many parts of the world where polygamy is openly practiced as the legal form of marriage, as well as in those nations which disguise multiple wives as mistresses, concubines, or common-law wives.

The most famous polygamist of biblical times was, of course, King Solomon. Polygamy was the obligation of male Israelites for many centuries. Rules of conduct for multiple wives were quite specific in Mesopotamia, 3,000 B.C., citing for example the duty of the second wife to wash the feet of the first wife and carry a chair behind her when she went to the temple. The Romans were also

polygamous, inspired by the example of Mark Anthony, the first Roman to have two wives.

It was not until 600 A.D., actually, when the Roman emperor Justinian the Great promulgated his *Corpus Juris Civilis*, or code of civil law, that monogamy was legally favored. This turn of events was looked upon with ill favor by Roman women, since the Roman habit of killing off the cream of its young men in battle left the ladies no logical alternative.

Through the influence of the early church, principally, monogamy was established as the legally recognized marital institution of most civilized nations. But it always had much less appeal in the East than in the West. Monogamy for Orientals was always an economic problem—the poor man could not afford more than one wife. Polygamy, however, was always the choice of the privileged classes—and still is to this day. The same distinction is true of a great many tribal societies.

Polygamy is for anyone who can afford it in Zululand, Natal, Union of South Africa, which has a population of 1,000,000. Fiji Island chiefs often have several hundred wives, who double in brass as servants and concubines for guests.

In many primitive societies, husbands are given sexual rights over all of his wife's sisters. This practice was true of some forty American Indian tribes, and still is observed today among some Australian aborigines, South American Araucanians, Amazon and Rio Negro tribes, Africans and others. Among many of these people, a man not only has the right to marry his wife's sisters, but is also actually obligated to do so.

"The morality of savage society is invariably governed by practical considerations and the necessities arising therefrom," states William J. Fielding in his scholarly work, *Strange Customs of Courtship and Marriage*. "Celibacy has no place in primitive life—except as a religious or ceremonial custom—and if there is a preponderance of females, polygyny is practised."

Polygyny is actually the correct term for what most people think of as polygamy—that is, plural marriage on the part of the man. However, most sociologists recognize that polygamy has come to mean polygyny by common usage. The technical distinction is that the pure meaning of polygamy is the plural marriage of either a man *or* woman. I am using polygamy in its popular sense.

The two outstanding religions noted for awarding holy status to polygamy are Mohammedism and the Mormon Church. The Koran grants the Mohammedan the legal right to have four wives, although most of the followers of Islam can only afford one, or one wife and a concubine. (Sultans are allowed seven wives, and as many concubines as they wish.)

The Mormons of today are unquestionably monogamists under protest. It was not until Utah was forced to abandon polygamy constitutionally that the territory was admitted as a state in 1896, some fifty-three years after Joseph Smith had his revelation. If it had not been for the bigotry and persecution of the monogamous religions of America, we would today have the rich opportunity of direct comparison between the advantages of monogamy and polygamy right within our own borders. Many sociologists believe that monogamy would have emerged a bad second.

MORMON polygamy was not, contrary to the popular impression, a shrewd device whereby Americans could acquire Turkish-style harems for a gay old debauch in the Cecil B. DeMille manner. The Mormons were a serious, hard-working, religious people, and any such concept of their way of life filled them with indignation and horror. Mormon wives were thoroughly sold on the multiple blessings of multiple marriage, and saw nothing wrong in sharing husbands.

The cold fact is that a *sub rosa* form of polygamy is already being practiced in the U.S. today. We may keep up appearances by refusing to recognize its existence legally, but that doesn't diminish the swelling ranks of "mistresses" and "kept women," as the tabloids are fond of calling unofficial wives.

Prejudiced critics of polygamy as a way of life have insisted that it can never make women happy because it would provoke sexual jealousy among wives. The answer to this is that it simply isn't so, as the experience of the Mormons, Mohammedans and native societies prove. Sociologists explain that sexual jealousy—such as that of a wife for her husband's mistress—is really ego injury. The wife in such cases feels outraged because her prestige and social position has been impaired.

Under polygamy, pride is based on an entirely different assumption—that the more wives a husband has, the wealthier, more distinguished and happier such a family is. Thus, far from discouraging her husband away from other women, a plural wife is eager to add more wives to his string for greater prestige and social position. Not to mention her gratitude for more help at her work.

Another criticism of polygamy is that it leads to a struggle among the wives for dominance. This has happened, unquestionably, but a strong husband could avoid this by having an understanding with each new wife that he acquires as to her position of authority in the household. The simplest and fairest method has always been a stepladder arrangement, whereby the first wife is head wife, the second her assistant, and so on.

Brigham Young would hardly recognize his Mormons today. U.S. religious group had to abandon polygamy when Utah became a state in '96.

What are the alternatives to polygamy, if the forces of monogamy should be strong enough to defend their tottering bastions? Widespread licentiousness, marital havoc and social hypocrisy are the handwriting on the wall we can already clearly see. The effect on children of the steadily increasing break-up of family life is a future toll so great that, at this vantage, it is almost impossible to estimate what revolutionary forces may be unleashed on our nation by the products of the Kinsey age.

Over 7,500,000 unmarriagable American women would be grateful for an alternative to polygamy. Otherwise they may shortly begin to feel that the Mormon fathers, and other nations in the world today which practice polygamy, may simply have become civilized ahead of their time. It is certainly nothing but sheer barbarity to doom millions of our women to sterile spinsterhood, or to the back alleys of life, merely to support a moral principle which today is antiquated.

The true moral issue was never more challengingly expressed than in 1878, when a mass meeting of Mormon wives was called to protest the suppression of their way of life. One plural wife, Mrs. M. T. Smoot, stood up and declared, "No matter if my husband has other wives, if I am content and regard his other wives as my sisters—who has the right to deny me that privilege?"

It may be that eventually there will be no other choice, and that willy-nilly, monogamy may have to be junked in favor of some form of polygamy. It is hard to imagine that 7,500,000 women—and a conservative estimate, at that—will sit idly by and support a marriage system which has nothing to offer them but spinsterhood, or scorn and condemnation if they decide to take their sex where and how they can find it.

And a final point is made by the leading woman industrialist in the U.S., Miss Virginia Kellems. The lady from Connecticut came out in favor of legalized polygamy some time back, saying that it was the only answer to restrictive legislation which deprives women of equality with men in the working world.

Miss Kellems told a Cleveland audience: "We must have polygamy, or unmarried millions of women must be given equal chances with men . . . for jobs!"

Either way, something will have to be done by those who rule our destinies.

In Zulúland, Union of South Africa, populated by 1,000,000 natives, polygamy is for anyone who can afford it. These dark-skinned women were members of the Royal Family—all wives of late King Solomon.

what's wrong with

A sensational indictment of high-placed USAF brass who are trying to peddle the notion we can win a one-punch-A-Bomb War despite outdated aircraft and a virtual lack of guided missiles and rockets

AIR FORCE theatrics to the contrary, the facts behind our current air progress stand as a grim lesson in how not to prepare for a shooting war. The Bill of Particulars, as familiar to the Red Air Force tacticians as it is sobering to the wiser heads in the Pentagon, lists these alarming items:

1) The Maginot Line complex of the USAF in placing overconfidence in an untried weapon, the B-36 bomber, to deliver the A-Bomb and win a war in a one-punch fashion.

2) Sole dependence on this strategic, long-range attack at the expense of such proven techniques as tactical air support of ground forces. *The USAF has not developed even one modern attack-type airplane.*

4) A dangerous lag in the development of guided missles and large rockets.

5) Continued production of fighter craft judged obsolete by both American and foreign airmen.

6) Stubborn reliance upon outdated aircraft armament and slow-speed tactics.

7) Poor progress in countermeasure techniques against the new weapons which will be hurled against us.

That's the indictment, but behind its challenge lurks the general accusation that the Air Force has no clear idea of which way lies progress or the means of attaining it. The classic, and possibly fatal demonstration of this confusion, is the Air Force policy on bombers.

At this writing, the Air Force has on hand or is awaiting early delivery of 169 B-36 bombers. That's all we have. Period. Those 169 ships, less the fraction which is always deadlined for repairs, serve as this nation's only long-range attack arm. In terms of modern warfare, that means we have about 150 strategic bombers to deliver our Sunday punch, the atomic attack. Each B-36 can carry four A-bombs to targets about 10,000 miles from home base and return. That's 600 Hiroshimas. Enough, you would think, to pulverize the heart of any enemy nation. But is it?

Unescorted heavy bombers during the European phase of World War II suffered as high as 50% casualties in one raid. Germany is about one-twentieth the size of Western and Southern Russia. Germany's industries were not underground. Many of Russia's factories, especially those in the Urals, are reported to be buried . . . A-bomb proof. In view of these two limitations, the force needed to carry 600 A-bombs for a one-punch attack seems inadequate. Either that, or we should change our strategic bomber so that we would reduce casualties by interception from a high of about 50 per cent to something like 10%.

This is the heart of the B-36 controversy, now undergoing full-dress Congressional investigation. The B-36, currently so praised by eager Air Force press officers, was originally given only lukewarm enthusiasm by the combat echelons of our airmen. At the time only about seven airports in the world were large enough to accommodate the plane, thus limiting its service bases. Certainly, as the Air Force pointed out, "the B-36 is the only 400 mile-an-hour bomber we have which can lug 10 tons of bombs 10,000 miles at 40,000 feet," but at the same time, preliminary intelligence reports indicated that the Red Air Force was equipped with interceptor and frontier jet-fighters which were in the 700-mile class.

Interest in the B-36 waned. An initial contract for 100 bombers was cut nearly in half. When the USAF contracts were "finalized" in May, 1948, none of the big bombers were included in the 1949 airplane building program. Yet, in the following December, the USAF suddenly ordered 75 B-36s.

What they found out in December that they did not know in May, one of the points before the Congressional investigation, was that the replacement B-54 equipped with the new VDT (Variable Density Turbine) was having engine trouble at 40,000 feet. Rather than attempt either to smooth out the bugs of the VDT or, more important, examine some of our jet-powered bombers

our AIR FORCE?

by frank saddler

for the stragetic role, our Air Force planners turned backwards instead of forwards by ordering more of the obsolescent B-36. We thus put all our eggs in one basket at the expense of getting faster, more modern planes. To accomplish this amazing switch-back, the USAF juggled its authorized plane building program by cancelling eight contracts for seven different type of planes. This cutback, which was not dictated by reasons of economy, cancelled construction of thirty B-49 Flying Wings, fifty-one B-45 Tornado light-bombers and forty-three B-54 Superforts. It cost the taxpayers $71 million and disrupted the best part of the national sub-contracting organization for bomber production.

Subsequent to this costly change-of-Pentagon-mind, the public was treated to a variety of Air Force press agent stunts. First, an experimental B-47, the six-jet, 650-mile an hour bomber, set a coast-to-coast speed record which has not been matched, except perhaps by the hysteria of Air Force press officers. They conveyed the impression that the XB-47 was a superlative airplane, which it was, and that before long, the skies would be black with them, the better to bomb our enemies. This impression, I charge, has not been corrected. The public is still under the impression that the B-47 is "coming along."

The public has not been told the significance of the B-36 switch. Further, it has not been told how the B-47, for one, could perform the same atomic attack job better. The danger of its interception is about *half* that which faces the B-36. In this connection, the difficulty of intercepting the B-36 has been vastly overplayed by an Air Force which is officially in favor of the B-36. The hush-hush but real facts are these: Captain Charles Yeager, the first American to fly faster than sound, went after the B-36 in an F-86 Sabre fighter, a daring jet craft. He made 38 successful interceptions in 50 attempts at altitudes around 43,000 feet. The B-47, which can carry two A-bombs, is 200 miles an hour faster than the B-36. The B-49 Flying Wing, also a jet job, is one hundred miles an hour faster. That difference in speed makes it possible for more bombs to arrive on the target.

BUT, screech the Air Force press agents, the B-36 can fly 10,000 miles to a target area and return. So it can, but these eager beavers, just a few months ago, opened up all stops to thunder the news that the B-50 Superfort was the first plane to fly around the world non-stop. If you can re-fuel, a B-50, which is 100 miles an hour faster than the B-36, then you can re-fuel a B-47, or a B-49. And, if you don't want to re-fuel, there are about 700 airports in the countries of the Atlantic Pact which can handle either of these two planes. Less than a dozen airports are big enough to handle a B-36.

The pattern of Air Force appeal is clear. It runs something like this: take one of the fast, but few, jet bombers, set a record or two with it, get the public into a spending mood, then spend the money on old-fashioned, lumbering crates, rather than on the "as advertised" planes.

The same pattern applies to USAF policy on fighter craft. The Air Force over-stocked on the obsolete F-80 Shooting Star and the F-84 Thunderjet. We are still getting delivery on them, despite the fact that Russian jets are far better in both speed, range and armament. As importantly, we are still producing World War II-class jet fighters despite our own development of *five* better planes. The public, of course, has been bombarded by USAF publicity on these newer planes, but, as with the bomber, we hear about the new ships, thrill at new records, then pay the tab for production of obsolete craft.

As this is written, the USAF has about 4,000 World War II vintage propellor-type fighters assigned to its combat units. Approximately 5,000 more such planes are in storage. These ships are demonstrably obsolete. We also have in operation about 1,500 jet fighters, all F-80s and F-84s. This is our effective fighter strength. Russia, according to reliable but un-official reports, has 15,000 combat planes operational, of which 3,200 are modern jet fighters. By modern, I mean that they are in the transonic and supersonic class, far superior to the sub-sonic F-80s and F-84s.

Without reference to USAF histrionics, what do we have which is comparable to or better than Russian fighters? Five models: the F-86 Sabre, at 670 miles an hour, the F-88 Voodoo which does better than 700 miles an hour; the F-90 which is a 700 mph escort fighter, and the F-91 and F-92, both of which are supersonic, having speeds approaching Mach 1.2. How many do we have? Two groups—about 150 planes of Sabres, 13 Voodoos, and less than a dozen of the F-90, 91, and 92 combined.

By now, the USAF has ironed out the bugs in the obsolete Shooting Star and Thunderjet. It used to take two hours to re-fuel a F-80, longer than it took for the plane to consume the same fuel. But, even a perfectly performing, quickly-serviced fighter plane, literally becomes junk when it is faced by faster, better fighters.

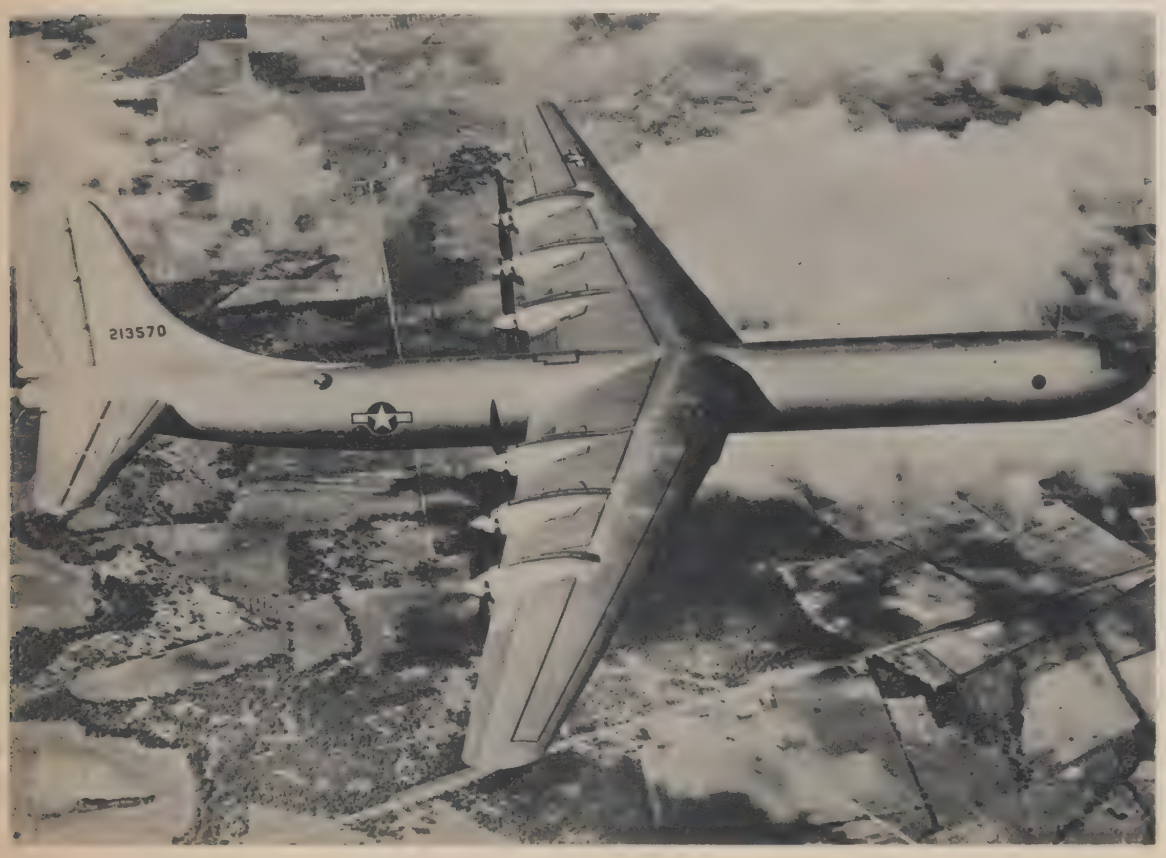
It should be emphasized at this point that, with its insistance upon the B-36, the USAF has committed itself solely to a strategic campaign. There has been no lateral development of other attack methods. This, despite the nation's formal, signed agreement to support the nations of the Atlantic Pact against aggression.

Under the commitments of that pact, we again become the Arsenal of Democracy, pledged to arm the ground and air forces of the Western nations in their opposition to a Russian ground force of 260 to 300 infantry and armored divisions.

We faced those odds before and won, when the combined British, Canadian, Aussie and American armies, attacking under the best air cover provided any ground force during the last war, knocked out that part of the *Wehrmacht* which faced us. General George S. Patton, Jr., credited his tactical air cover for a major share of his success. His tank-fighter teams proved unbeatable.

Now again the same situation arises. It is probable that the first action of a new war should begin where troops face each other across some river such as the Elbe or the Rhine. Competent military observers, assessing the campaign from that point, and being informed of our abandonment of any tactical fighter program, have admitted that the Reds would overrun Europe within 60 days.

Thinking in blunt terms, if such a Russian victory is considered no great loss, then we have forfotten another lesson: counter-attack needs bases, such as England served in World War II. European bases are bomber re-fueling stops, are take-off points for our own fighter and missle interception of Russian air sorties. Conversely, in the



Under severe attack from many sources is the very untried B-36 bomber, counted on to drop the A-Bombs. Too few airports in the world can handle this tremendous ship, thus limiting its effective range.

what's wrong with our AIR FORCE? ... continued

hands of the enemy, European bases give him the facilities he needs to intercept our bomber sorties.

In concentrating on a strategic program, putting our faith in a slow bomber working without fighter escort, we are forgetting another vital lesson once learned at great loss in the skies of Germany.

By cancelling contracts for long range escort fighters, and by its unexplained continuance of F-80 and F-84 production, the USAF will inevitably experience the attrition its Flying Fortress and Liberator bombers suffered when they flew unescorted on deep penetration missions to Schweinfort, Berlin, Luena and other German industrial centers. Bomber losses there once threatened to halt our entire strategic bombing concept . . . . until the Mustang and Lightning were fitted with extra fuel tanks.

"American long-range fighter cover," said Lt. Gen. Karl Koller, Luftwaffe Chief of Staff, "came as something new and fatal to Germany." Without this cover he had hoped to inflict average losses of 30% to our bombers. It is agreed that he would have done so.

The situation is analagous today. Bombers fly faster, higher and further. But, so do the fighters. Our "sitting duck" concept might sound impressive in Air Force-sponsored magazine articles, but it can prove, as it did before, disastrous if maintained.

The same hard shell attitude applies to armament. Our standard aircraft machine gun is the .50 calibre, only a slightly hopped-up version of the ground force gun. It was invented at the close of World War I, refined during the last war. Its bullets carry several miles, but its *effective* range is only about 250 yards, because of slowness of firing rate and slow speed of bullet travel.

Yet, this is the gun which is standard in our fighters. There is a maxim among the military that "Armament dictates tactics, tactics dictate armament." Applied to the pressing problem of American air power, it means that, armed with a .50 calibre gun, a fighter pilot has to be within 250 yards of his enemy before he can effectively fire away. If he was armed with 20 millimeter automatic cannon, he could fire effectively at 400 yards. If he was armed with belt-fed rockets, he could blast at 800 or 1,000 yards.

The fact that our fighter pilots are weakly-armed means that they have to close tight with the enemy. Assuming that the enemy is a Russian fighter or bomber, our pilot then faces fast firing automatic cannon of approximately 30 millimeter, range 500 yards. Without reference to the inadequate speeds of our standard fighters, we still have the discouraging arithmetic that our pilot would be blasted into Kingdom Come before he could even fire his guns.

There are other sins of omission in our armament development. We have yet to refine, manufacture or train pilots to use a radar which will find the enemy, sight and fire guns automatically when the meeting speeds of two onrushing fighter planes is in excess of 1,200 miles an hour. Certainly, the pilot never lived who could detect, aim and fire his guns at such a target. By the time he had spotted the dot on the horizon which might be an enemy fighter plane, and adjusted his sights, the ship would have gone by him. On the other hand, the radar which we don't have could spot the plane, identify as either friend or foe by IFF, track it, and when it was within range, trip a secondary radar which would automatically fire the guns at the deflection angle needed to intercept that plane with a killing burst of rocket or cannon fire.

Today, however, pilots continue to go aloft on training missions using a prismatic sight and a stout right thumb. They try their best to get on the tail of their target (either towed sleeve, moving around 150 miles per hour, or an obsolete bomber doing 250) close in, and then, using that thumb, press a solenoid switch to fire either the .50 calibre guns or in the case of the bomber—wing cameras.

In essence, that was an effective fighter tactic in World War I and in World War II. But, since the introduction of jet speed aircraft it is no longer a workable tactic. In the closing months of World War II, the Luftwaffe jumped into Air Force bombers with Arado 234s and Messerschmitt 262s, each with a speed in excess of 500 miles an hour. The tactic was established then for jets, a tactic which Capt. Yeager found as the only acceptable approach to even the lumbering B-36. It is the high deflection angle pass. You make your swipe at the target and, before it can bring its guns to bear, get out. None of this romantic, but impractical, dog fight business of an ancient day.

Everyone in and out of the USAF admits that guided missiles are the weapons of the very near future. Right today, surface-to-air missiles are the only agents that can really be counted on to stop high-flying bombers—at 40,000 feet a jet missle is just getting warmed up.

It is known that the Russians, through the capture of German scientists and facilities as well as their own research, are highly advanced in missle making. Yet, it took us nearly five years to produce the first really good American copy of the V-2 rocket—although we used some of the best German brains to help us—the Viking rocket.

For strange reasons, many wartime missle projects are still wasting money and men while more advanced projects wait development. There is poor coordination between the USAF and Army and Navy Ordnance branches.

Although progress is shown in the activities of the NEPA (Neculear Energy) project, such advances are more the result of private industry and Atomic Energy Commission than the USAF. The public, nevertheless, continues to be deliberately misled. Some months ago, for instance, James Forrestal, then Secretary of National Defense, primed the story of the Earth Satellite Vehicle. This, it seemed, was a man-made moon, probably atomic powered, which would circle the earth as

The B-49 Flying Wing, a jet-job, travels 100 mph faster than the controversial B-36, and can be refueled with greater ease. But this fact apparently carries no weight with USAF "stand-patters."

There's been lots of talk about this weapon—the anti-bomber rocket missile. We don't have any.

Another jet ship, the B-47, set a coast-to-coast speed mark which hasn't been touched. It is easier to service, carries two A-Bombs, and travels 200 mph faster than the B-36.

a sort of roving eye sending back intelligence reports on foreign activities and, if a need arose, guiding rocket weapons to targets.

Sounded great, and perhaps it will be developed someday. But, today, the Earth Satellite Vehicle Program has been grounded to a dead halt. Further, important research and development of lesser guided missles is lagging. At this writing, we do not have a single anti-bomber missle, either in production, planned for production, or ready for production. Instead, our heads have been in the stars. Despite our splendid World War II countermeasure efforts, the USAF has not kept pace with the new weapons it may have to counter any time in the near future.

Because missles seem to be the best anti-bomber weapons, and the most difficult to stop in any form, our countermeasures of Russian anti-aircraft should have top priority. Every bomber that seeks to penetrate to the Urals or beyond will have to carry—along with its A bombs and radar—countermeasure equipment that can jam the enemy's radar and confuse his seeker missles.

It must be assumed that Red bombers venturing over the U.S. will be similarly equipped. Thus, there is the need for counter-countermeasures.

If there is another war, it will logically be called the Third World War. As such, it is fair to draw conclusions of its effects upon you from the sequences established in two previous wars.

In the First, it was only the soldier in battle who experienced combat to any appreciable extent. A few Zeppelin raids on Brussels, Paris and London gave a preview of what was to come . . . .

In the Second, aircraft ranges of 1,000 and 2,000 miles drove some civilian populations into the cellars.

In the Third, aircraft radii are global. And your chances of survival, no longer depending upon the availability or depth of cellars, stand in direct proportion to the aerial defence which exist between you and supersonic-speed attack.

As an experiment an F-86 jet fighter, such as those shown at left, made 38 successful B-36 interceptions in 50 attempts at 43,000 feet altitude.

Successor to the B-29 is Boeing's B-50 (shown aloft here) which became the first bomber to fly 'round the world non-stop, being refueled in flight.

This is a typical five-room prefabricated housing unit built by the Lustron Corporation.

Government-Sponsored HOUSING FAILURE!

by h. walton cloke

IS the Government's experiment in subsidizing the prefabricated housing industry, highlighted by the $35,500,000 loan to the Lustron Corporation, a failure? That is what Congress is asking—and the answers are not very encouraging.

In approximately two years, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has poured enough of the taxpayers' money into Lustron to build 3,350 conventional houses at $10,000 each. Operating in the sprawling, war-surplus Curtiss-Wright plant in Columbus, Ohio, Lustron had produced only 1,500 houses as of August 1, 1949.

Long the "darling" of prefabricated housing experts, at least in the eyes of the RFC, Lustron has been a consistent money-loser. Richard C. Dyas, Chief of the Housing Branch of the RFC's office of loans, recently told a Congressional committee that Lustron's losses as of June 30, 1949, totalled $14,754,000.

The committee also found out that Lustron's borrowing days were not over. The company's president, Swedish-born Carl G. Strandlund, told the same Congressional group on his most recent visit to Capitol Hill that: "We'll need some more working capital."

Conceived with the idea of helping to ease the housing shortage, Lustron was given a fifty-fifty chance to succeed by RFC authorities when it applied for its first loan in 1947. Today, after two years have elapsed, the RFC still considers its chances neither better nor worse than in 1947.

Within the next few weeks, however, the RFC may decide the fate of Lustron. It should. In this period $20,000,000 of the company's loans fall

H. WALTON CLOKE, covers a Washington beat for the *New York Times*. He's a specialist at reporting financial news—and his coverage of the "Five-Per-Center" Investigation kept him on Page One in recent months. A former AP staffer, he's married to a writer, and is a graduate of Bucknell.

RFC pours 35 million into Lustron—a private enterprise that promised 24,000 units a year, produced but 1,500 in two

due. If Lustron is unable to meet the notes, and it does not appear likely that it will, the RFC can do one of two things.

It can pick up its chips and accept the attendant losses or continue to gamble on Lustron's ability to produce. If it chooses to gamble the loans probably will be renewed and additional loans might be necessary. If it throws in the towel the losses will be substantial.

Reliable sources have indicated, however, that the RFC seems to favor lending Lustron still more money in the hope that the company may soon turn its deficits into profits. Representative Cole, who has investigated the RFC's lending policies, has disclosed that the agency has placed a $50,000,000 ceiling on its loans to Lustron. This would make an additional $14,500,000 available to the company.

If the RFC decides to invest additional funds in this project, it will do so with the full knowledge that its policy, with respect to the prefabricated housing industry, is under severe fire. Some members of Congress hope to see a more complete "airing" of the facts surrounding the project. They feel that closer scrutiny of the circumstances associated with the Lustron loan applications, or their approval, is demanded by the magnitude of the Government's investment.

An inquiry conducted by Representative Albert M. Cole (Rep. Kan.), was a step in this direction. A member of the House Banking & Currency Committee, he asked Mr. Strandlund to come to Washington to discuss the matter. In the course of the inquiry, Lustron's president disclosed that the company had 3,133 employees—twenty-five of whom received a salary in excess of $10,000 a year.

The RFC's list of these employees, all top executives of the company, includes former Congressman Frank L. Sundstrom, to be discussed a bit later, and E. Merl Young, a former $7,193-a-year trial examiner for the RFC. Mr. Young's salary was reported to be $18,000 a year with Lustron. He holds a Vice-President's rating with the firm, and serves as the company's Washington representative.

Congressman Cole wanted to know if Mr. Young had been instrumental in getting RFC approval of any Lustron loan applications. The RFC's Mr. Dyas and James L. Dougherty, general counsel of the agency, defended the former RFC employee. They stressed that Mr. Young had nothing whatever to do with having loans approved.

Nevertheless, Congress decided too many RFC officials are finding lucrative jobs with firms that sought and received loans from the agency. A bill was quickly approved by the Senate Banking & Currency Committee which will bar RFC officials with lending discretion from accepting jobs with borrowers for two years after the loans are granted.

Of the other prefabricated housing manufacturers receiving financial as-

Lustron head Carl G. Strandlund has wangled over 35 million dollars from RFC in two years. Total RFC emergency housing budget is only 52 million.

Key Figures in Lustron Investigation

Arkansas Senator J. Wm. Fulbright, chairman of the subcommittee of the Senate Banking Committee, compared the Lustron houses to bathtubs.

Director of the RFC, Harvey J. Gunderson, has been favorable to the Lustron loans, admitted yellow-and-blue units looked like hot-dog stands.

Richard C. Dyas, chief of the Housing branch office of loans, RFC, has testified in effect that Lustron has about a 50-50 chance of succeeding.

HOUSING FAILURE . . . continued

sistance from the RFC, and there are more than a dozen, a member of the agency's board of directors recently stated: "They haven't gone broke, but I don't know why they haven't." There is an exception, however. One of the companies went bankrupt and the RFC is still trying to calculate its losses.

In addition to Lustron, which has received the lion's share of Government money in this field, the RFC has parceled out $16,484,186 to other manufacturers. All RFC loans to prefabricated housing manufacturers total $51,984,186.

When it comes time to pay the rent on the huge Lustron plant, which has a million and a quarter feet of floor space, it is merely a matter of the Government shifting the money from one pocket to another.

The War Assets Administration owns the building and Lustron's rent is $425,000 a year. It is paid in quarterly installments and held by the RFC as collateral for its loans. There are now $860,000 set aside in this fund. It is all Government money.

The house produced by Lustron has insulated, porcelain-enameled, steel walls and is available in various pastel colors. Equipped with radiant heating, there are both one- or two-bedroom models available. It is assembly-line produced and the Lustron advertisements proclaim that "if you make $50 to $60 a week you can afford a Lustron home."

When Mr. Strandlund first discussed loans with the RFC he expected to sell the houses for about $5,000 each. Today they sell for approximately $9,000 and in some cases more, depending on location and lot. Mr. Strandlund explained to the Congressional committee that "all prices were lower in 1947."

An entire house is delivered to an owner's lot on one trailer truck. A four-man crew can erect one in about 300 man-hours. Lustron leases 600 of these giant trailers, according to testimony before the Congressional committee. Working at top speed, this fleet apparently would have little difficulty in delivering the company's output for 1947 and 1948 in a matter of weeks.

The Government itself has purchased 74 of the houses at $8,818 each, or a total of $651,532. Sixty-six are at the Quantico Marine base in Quantico, Va., and the others are at Government installations in Los Alamos, N. M.

To help get the house on the market Strandlund selected Frank L. Sundstrom, former congressman from New Jersey as the company's vice-president in charge of distribution. Mr. Sundstrom was a member of the House Banking & Currency Committee when he served in the lower chamber of Congress, before his defeat last fall.

Another question that is being asked on Capitol Hill is whether Lustron can meet the competitive market with its houses. Today's biggest demand is for houses that cost less than $10,000. In addition, conventional homes selling in the $8,000 bracket are becoming more plentiful, according to national housing surveys.

(Editor's Note: Typical of this is The Bailey Home, featured in a development located at Michel Park, Farmingdale, Long Island, which sell for $6,990 apiece. Built by private enterprise under Section 611 of the National Housing Economy Program, it is a two bedroom Cape Cod-style home, is built along conventional lines, and veterans need make no down payment. Monthly costs, including amortization of a twenty-five year FHA-guaranteed mortgage will be about $50 a month. This is typical of the sort of mass housing which should become more plentiful as material becomes more easily available. See photo on Page 50).

With its tremendous debt structure, Lustron would be handicapped by declining prices in the housing field. In other words, to take in enough money to make adequate payments on its loans, meet its expenses, and try to make a little profit, Lustron would have to maintain prices at a fairly high level.

One Congressman interested in the project said that it appeared that the only way Lustron would be able to keep its head above water in such a situation would be for the Government to "write off," or waive, some of the loans. He indicated that such a plan already was under consideration.

This is the first venture in the housing field for the fifty-one-year-old head of Lustron. Early in 1946 he went to Washington to see if the Government would ease restriction on steel which he needed to build steel and enameled filling stations for a large mid-west oil company. The Government said no. It indicated, however, that steel might be available if it were used for housing. Mr. Strandlund decided to build houses.

Explaining the trials and tribulations of operation, which he said were the chief reasons for low production to date, Mr. Strandlund assured the Congressional committee that nothing had really gone wrong with Lustron except its "timetable."

This would soon straighten out, he contended, and the company would be headed toward its capacity production goal of 2,000 houses a month. In August, however, the dapper executive expected production to be 35 to 40 homes a day.

His optimism and enthusiasm were not shared by certain members of Congress, however. Senator J. William Fulbright, Democrat of Arkansas, and chairman of the subcommittee on the RFC of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, questioned the wisdom of continued spending to finance Lustron and the "appeal" of its product.

"It is a rather unusual looking house," the Senator said. "I have seen only one of them but it sort of reminds you of a bathtub. As a matter of taste, I wonder if (people) like the thing."

Harvey J. Gunderson, a director of the RFC, who was testifying before the subcommittee at the time, replied: "I think there is merit to your statement. I think some of them that are yellow and blue look pretty much like hot dog stands."

The Senator said that Congress wanted to do what it could to help the prefabricated housing industry, but "we may be on the wrong trail as to this particular one." "I have grave doubt that the thing will have appeal" once the problems of production are solved, he added.

The RFC, he stressed, has "a bear by the tail" and would have to make its own decision on whether to quit or go forward with the project. "All I want to make clear," he told Mr. Gunderson, "is this: I do not want to take any responsibility for saying: 'I want you to go through with this to the bitter end.' "

"If you feel any doubt about it (the project)," the Senator added, "I think you ought to feel free at this late date to exercise your free, independent judgment."

Congress, he stated, would rather know now if the project should be abandoned, rather than after millions of dollars more were invested.

Senator Fulbright's subcommittee called Mr. (*Continued on page* 50)

Photos like these illustrate Lustron's high-pressure magazine ads. Rooms are quite small, all steel-porcelain construction throughout.

Pretty models like Lou Campbell find an occasional O'Gatty treatment helps keep weight problem under control. Packey generally gets about $5 a "visit."

Packey gets his pound of flesh

Society gals say the ex-pug is one guy "you can trust without a stitch on"

by Betty and William Waller

THE little man really was baffled when the shapely blonde suddenly broke away from her escort and flung herself upon him. "Packey!" she squealed delightedly, giving him the kind of hug that had cost other men a mink coat or precious bauble.

The little man looked blank. "I'm sorry but I don't seem to—

"Packey, darling!" cried the girl. "Don't you remember?"

He shook his head, and with a shrug of her well-groomed shoulders, she turned around and walked away. "Remember now?" she flung back at him.

A grin crept over his good-natured face. "Yeah, now I remember," he muttered.

Packey O'Gatty had reason to remember the young lady's back, even though he failed to recall her face. At parties he may not always recognize clients, for he's not accustomed to seeing them at their best. Usually, Packey meets them under less formal circumstances—in their homes and quite undressed.

Conditioning bodies happens to be Packey's business—and, brother, what a business! At any hour of the day or night his phone may ring. "C'mon over, Packey—right away," some feminine member of the Four Hundred, Cafe Society, royalty or the stage is apt to say. "Hurry up, Packey. I'm simply dying."

Generally, Packey does hurry over right away, prepared to soothe the aching muscles and taut nerves of many a celebrity. For the past 15 years he has been plying his trade, establishing himself as probably the most famous masseur in New York. Some of those to whom Packey has brought balm with his palms include Miriam Hopkins, Nancy Carroll, Arline Judge, Zorita the snake dancer, and Margie Hart, the strip-teaser. Among the male contingent have been Errol Flynn, Don Ameche, Paul Lukas, Tony DeMarco, Jack Dempsey, Buddy Rich, and Sonny Tufts. Others who have enjoyed an O'Gatty workout include the late Grace Moore, fashion designer Valentina, society girls Lenore Lemmon and Honeychile Wilder, models Peggy Ellis and Choo Choo Johnson, an assortment of countesses and duchesses, Hope Hampton, and Mrs. Frank C. (Betty) Henderson, the madcap society woman who once shocked patrons at the Met by putting her feet up on a table. With these, and many others equally famous, Packey has sparred, given calisthenics or an expert rubdown.

For reasons of modesty, many women would find

A bantamweight boxer until he retired in '27, Packey puts on gloves for an occasional sparring session with fun-loving clients like Mrs. Betty (Ma) Henderson, 73, a would-be "glamour girl."

The little muscle-mauler is a veteran of more than 200 ring battles. Considered a soft touch by down-and-out pugs, he's a great favorite of the Hollywood crowd. His supper companion, shown here, is Tony Martin the singer, a frequent client when business brings him to N.Y.

it unthinkable to be massaged by a man. His feminine clients, however, do not feel that way about Packey O'Gatty. The little man sees them with the cool detachment of a doctor, and they know it. An amiable, swarthy fellow of 47, with black patent-leather hair, dark eyes and a smile of almost childlike innocence, he inspires the utmost confidence. "Trust Packey?" one of his clients once asked with raised eyebrows. "Why, my dear, you can trust him without a stitch on!"

Actually, that is how Packey works on some of the most celebrated figures in the country. Reclining on a bed in their homes, hotels, or backstage dressing rooms, his feminine clients are almost entirely nude. Packey kneads their flesh as though it were just so much dough for a loaf of bread. His thoughts are only for his work. "Sex," he explains with the utmost seriousness, "is only in the mind."

Packey finds men frequently are more squeamish than women. When he massaged Jackie Gleason, the 300-pound comedian, for example, Packey says his subject blushed like a June bride. Women, on the other hand, find a rub-down by a masseur no more nerve-wracking than a session at the beauty parlor.

The ex-pug is proud of his new profession. Under his expert hands, his clients are relaxed or properly exercised. Sometimes it's so they can sleep. Sometimes so they may feel refreshed for their work or a big evening. Often he plays an important part in a weight-reducing or keeping-in-shape program, too. He specializes in general body massage, which tones up the muscles and obviates the necessity for his clients doing anything very strenuous themselves. They lie passively on their beds while Packey does all the work.

A former bantamweight fighter and self-styled "Professor of the Noble Art of Boxing," O'Gatty spars with his clients if they wish. Several times a week, for instance, he gives a boxing lesson to 73-year-old Betty Henderson. He and "Ma" usually go three one-minute rounds which Packey, like the gentleman and ring general that he is, renders quite harmless. The incredibly youthful-looking septuagenarian is an old friend, dating back to 1921 when Packey and his brother, Jimmy, another ex-fighter, put on an exhibition bout at Mrs. Henderson's Long Island estate, for the benefit of one of her pet charities. Like other affluent clients, the lady has shown her appreciation beyond Packey's usual fee. Packey accompanied her to the Metropolitan Opera opening night and to the boxing matches on other occasions.

Although the dapper little man might easily be mistaken for a good-natured barber, actually Packey is the closest thing in real life to a character in a Saroyan play. Packey simply loves everybody—and, strangely enough, everybody loves Packey. Women of every type look upon him as a friend, while the most rugged characters on Broadway and in the boxing world think Packey "a good little guy."

"I don't talk about people," Packey explains. "At least, I don't say nothin' bad about 'em. The women realize that. If they tell me somethin', they know it'll go no further. They tell me plenty, too. I keep it all a secret."

His diplomacy has helped Packey keep out of trouble almost entirely. In a business fraught with embarrassing consequences, he has been involved with the law only once and then he was blameless. About five years ago Earl Wilson wrote a blow-by-blow description of Packey giving a massage to Billy Boze, one of Tommy Manville's numerous wives. Paul Moss, then License Commissioner of New York City, read the lurid account, jumped to conclusions, and promptly cancelled Packey's license. Packey hopped right down to City Hall with a lawyer who pointed out that it was not unlawful for a masseur to massage a woman, and the matter was quickly straightened out.

Another time, in the middle of the night, Packey was called to a Park Avenue apartment. A beautiful blonde opened the door, and asked Packey for a rubdown. He was proceeding about his business when an irate husband broke in, accompanied by a sharp-eyed dick. Packey immediately realized that this was a phony divorce action plot, and he would be named as correspondent. He told the detective who he was. "O'Gatty the old boxer?" the latter asked. "Why I seen you fight plenty of times!" On the strength of this, the detective refused to testify and the case fell through.

Packey fought over 200 ring battles and more than 1,000 exhibition bouts during a 12-year career as a professional bantamweight fighter. He was fast on his feet and a good boxer, and he hasn't got a mark to show for his battles. The worst beating he ever got probably came from his mother, to whom Packey is devoted. When he came home from his first professional fight, his mother took one look at her 14-year-old son, one look at the clock, then demanded an explanation. When she heard what he had been up to, she gave him a terrible trouncing. Then she threw his boxing trunks out the window. With a grin, Packey still recalls his mother's wrath.

The little man was born in Canitello, Italy in 1901, and his father was an officer in the Italian Navy. When Packey was three, the family moved to New York and settled on Mulberry Street in the heart of the Italian quarter on the lower East Side. The boy was small and thin, and was always being beaten up by the other kids on the street. Then one day he saw an ad in the *Police Gazette*. "Don't be a coward!" it read. "Learn to defend yourself! Send ten cents for 'The Art of Self-Defense' by James J. Corbett."

Packey sent for the course, followed it diligently, and within two years was administering the beatings instead of taking them. Eventually, he began working out at Grupp's Gym in Harlem. Then one day, when he was 14, he was matched to fight Frankie Jerome, a good young flyweight. Before the bout

(*Continued on page* 59)

menace-

★ Bearing practically no resemblance to her latest screen role—that of the villainess in RKO's "The Window"—pretty Ruth Roman does right well at the job of filling out a swim suit in the usual and proper places. Posing for glamour photographer Andre DeDienes, Ruth is an eye-tempting dish at any man's beach. Reminder: summer is only half-a-year away, men. Get ready, get set. . . .

HELL CITIES behind the IRON CURTAIN

by a. h. ibsen

Here are the first details of a hush-hush plan by which

I HAVE just returned from hell on earth—that ring of nightmarish, depopulated cities behind the Iron Curtain extending from the Baltic Sea to the Balkan Mountains. With the help of the anti-Communist underground here is what I saw:

Cities as large as San Francisco, Toledo or Omaha—with less than one percent of their former population. Empty houses, empty schools, empty streets—ghost towns without life. More than ten million city dwellers ruthlessly driven out. Those who didn't find refuge in the western occupation zones of Germany can be found in Russian slave labor camps, in shallow graves along Russia's endless canal projects, in east European uranium mines, and in the black, stinking cellars of their own homes, there to rot.

Nor is this the ultimate in evil design. I can report that these cities are being feverishly repaired and re-fortified to serve Moscow as key building blocks in a master plan of continental conquest. Each city, regardless of its size, is being strategically reinforced so that it can someday function as did Stalingrad in the summer of 1943. That city, which stands for heroic civilian defense against outnumbering military forces, is respected by civilians and military alike because it successfully withstood the battering of Hitler's *Wehrmacht,* then turned the tide of German eastward advance.

Equally important, Red Army planners saw in Stalingrad a method of battle which could be adapted to any future war, atomic or otherwise.

What I saw behind the Iron Curtain made me realize that the Soviet government is racing at full speed to ready itself for war. This discovery was not apparent immediately. Indeed, not only did many resistance leaders with whom I talked have no idea of the significance of what was happening around them, but it was only through chance—because an escaping Russian general was lucky enough not to be caught by the Red secret police—that we learned the real truth of what is afoot . . . the secret of the still hush-hush Zhdanof Plan.

Starting from the Soviet sector of Berlin I spent six weeks in the Baltic States, in Poland, and in the areas of Germany ceded to Russia, Poland and Czechoslovakia since the war. Then I headed south through Czechoslovakia and Austria, re-entering the American zone in Vienna.

Accompanied by an underground guide I went first to the once German sea port of Stettin, now in Poland. A city with a pre-war population of almost 300,000 it has now less than 3,000 of its original inhabitants. Russian occupation troops run the city and its sprinkling of Poles and slave-worker Germans. Most of these workers are housed in a barrack-like building, the *Henriette-blok,* on *Falkenwalderstrasse,* which has been renamed *Aleja Wojska Polskiego* (Street for the Polish Army). While thousands of private homes stand open and empty, there is life only in the large hotels, a bizarre existence of debauchery, cruelty and police spy eavesdropping. Here live the Soviet occupation authorities, the police, and the Polish civil servants. The once bustling harbor lies idle.

Near the Polish Army Street is the town's busiest night club, a boisterous, hysterical place where the prettier Polish and German girls are ordered to report on certain days for the purpose of prostitution.

City-wide raids, conducted at varying times to snare girls who try to hide from search parties, constantly replenishes the supply. *Arndtplatz,* one of the city's best known squares, has been converted into a Red Army cemetery, while the beautifully-landscaped Stettin Cemetery has been leveled and stripped of its monuments to make room for an amusement park for the troops. The city's historic museums and libraries stand empty, robbed of their treasures while Russian and collaborating Poles bicker among themselves as to who profited most from the loot.

As we hurried down the street I heard the heavy, disturbing rumble of an approaching truck. That meant Russians. My guide instantly grabbed me by the arm and ran towards the rubble of a bomb-tumbled house. There he dropped to his knees and began to grub around among the bricks and powdered masonry, whispering to me that I should do the same.

Without understanding the significance of his order I nevertheless caught the urgency of his voice and did as I was told. The truck approached and then ground to a halt. A gruff voice called out in the gathering dusk and my friend stood up and answered. I kept my head down and my hands busy, expecting at any moment to be called too. Suddenly, however, the driver, apparently satisfied, growled something to my guide and drove off.

"What's it all about?" I asked.

"Only half an hour to curfew," he explained,

Danzig, as large as Dayton, Ohio, forms an important link in the ring of Hell Cities. Of 270,000 former inhabitants, less than 2,000 remain under Soviet rule. City is slated to be another Stalingrad some day.

In the form of an iron fist, the Russians are drawing a noose around Eastern Europe. Ring of fortress-cities includes Danzig, Stettin, Landsberg, Koenigsberg. All have been re-populated within Soviet limitations.

Reds plan Kremlin control of Europe, via a deep belt of "fighting cities" outside Russia!

"that's why I wanted us to look busy. Like we were hurrying to finish digging and get back to the barracks."

"But why the digging?"

"The people here must dig for old household junk to trade for food with the Russians. Otherwise they would starve. He was just asking if we'd found anything of value—jewelry, kitchen utensile, mirror fragments or plumbing."

That incident furnished me with the essentials of living in sight of the Russians. On my prior trip I was in the back country where resistance fighters openly carried their rifles. On this trip, however, I was operating in the midst of the Russians, playing the part of the half-starved, hunch-shouldered DP.

Such a disguise can carry men far. One night, for instance, I was sitting in the cellar hovel of a Lithuanian guide when a swarthy but stooped underground agent entered with two ragged DPs in tow. Pieces of sacking served as their shoes, wrapped around swollen, bleeding feet. They were brothers. Taken as German prisoners of war they had served three years cutting lumber in a Siberian work camp. Then they made a break and were lucky enough to survive the rigors of a Russian winter. They walked 1,800 miles, moving by night, sleeping during the day, taking turns at guard to kill any farm dogs which spotted them. Now, they were within a few weeks' walk of home, Pfungstad on the Rhine in American territory.

My guide gave them directions on how to get as far as Berlin, and I briefed them on how to get through the city. But their luck, which had stood up so well for so long changed. They were caught the next evening. One brother was killed outright—the other was beaten horribly. After

(*Continued on page* 64)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The name, A. H. Ibsen, conceals the true identity of a man whose real name is known only to a few Washington officials. He is a Dane, who during World War II served as a liaison officer between allied intelligence agencies and the anti-Nazi underground in the Scandinavian countries, and as editor of underground publications. Now he is a courier and observer for anti-Communist resistance groups. At this writing he is on an assignment in Central Europe.

Originator of the Russian plan is late A. A. Zhdanov, an intimate of Stalin (right) and decorated as a "Hero of the Soviet" during war.

SLEEPWALKING... *may mean* MURDER

While his conscious mind sleeps, the somnambulist may become an involuntary murderer—or a suicide

By Vincent H. Gaddis

RECENTLY a young father, living in Arkadelphia, Arkansas, had a nightmare. He dreamed he was being attacked, and in self-defense he lashed out at his spectral assailant with a flashlight he had beneath his pillow.

On the floor at his feet lay the body of his four-year-old daughter—dead! He'd crushed her skull.

Relatives of the father testified that he had been troubled with somnambulism for years, and they gave many instances of previous sleepwalking nightmares. Though the father was released without charges, no judicial dismissal could erase the bitter memory of this unconscious and accidental act from the father's mind.

This case is not unique. Many similar occurrences are reported annually. Moreover, in these days of nervous tension, they seem to be increasing. Until more exact knowledge of the inner workings of the human mind is available we must regard every somnambulist as a potential involuntary murderer.

Somnambulism may be described as a dream in action, and nothing that happens during somnambulism can be remembered. A somnambulist should never be suddenly awakened while in a dangerous position.

Sleepwalkers essentially are enacting or dramatizing a dream inspired by some form of mental stress. The subconscious stress of thirst, for example, will cause the subject to leave his bed in search of water. But at times a far more serious stress may inspire acts of violence. Patients afflicted with both suicidal complexes and somnambulism have been known to make continual self-destruction attempts while sleepwalking.

The state of somnambulism is analogous to hypnotism. In both states the conscious mind sleeps, while the subconscious takes over control of the senses with sharp awareness. Likewise, in both states, light has no effect on the subject, hallucinations are easily induced. The subject may be made to assume, temporarily, a different personality.

The widely-accepted belief that hypnotic subjects will do nothing that they would not do in their normal waking state is not true.

Homicidal complexes, variously implanted in the inner minds of its victims, act in the same manner as posthypnotic suggestions, impelling criminal actions against the conscious will. As a result, criminals of this type develop a split or dual personality. William Heirens of Chicago, Illinois, for example, who murdered two women and little Suzanne Degnan, called his other self "George Murman." Heirens said that Murman talked to him. He heard "voices"—auditory hallucinations.

As all newspaper readers know, there has been an alarming increase of criminals of this type in recent years, especially among children.

On the other hand, in hypnotic experiments, it is true that most subjects resist criminal suggestions. As a rule they are startled into wakefulness. But subjects vary greatly in the limits of their response to suggestion, and experiments have been made that definitely point to the possibility of crime being committed while in the state.

"Hypnotism is first cousin to somnambulism." And we know that somnambulists do commit unintentional homicides. Behind this simple fact lies one of the most incredible cases and sentences in the long annals of murder.

Early on a morning in 1888 a delivery boy found the body of businessman Andre Monet lying on a beach at the French resort of St. Adresse, a bullet wound in his head. Inquiries revealed Monet had left his hotel the evening before to swim.

The famed detective bureau, Surete, sent its best man, Robert Le Dru, who happened to be at Le Havre only a few miles away, to the scene. Le Dru, at that time, was the most outstanding criminal investigator in France. A slow, methodical worker, he had infinite patience and apparently boundless energy. For days at a time, when working on a case, he would average only two or three hours of sleep a night.

Le Dru began his investigation. The absence of clues or a motive puzzled him. The victim was not wealthy and he had not been robbed. His wife had waited for him until 2 a. m. in the morning in the hotel lobby with witnesses present. Since the coroner established the time of death as earlier, the wife was beyond suspicion. Le Dru roped off the beach and started carefully going over the sand. At dark he lit a lantern and continued his search.

At last his patience was rewarded. He found a footprint. Sleepless, he spent the rest of the night walking the streets of St. Adresse, and when morning came he presented himself to the local police.

"I have solved the case," he told the assembled officers. "Here is the killer's footprint—a plaster cast. You will note that he walked in his stocking feet so he would make no sound. Also, you will note that it is the left foot, and the first joint of the great toe is missing."

Then the detective knelt and removed his left shoe. His toe joint, too, was missing.

"I am the murderer," he continued. "For years I have studied murders. I have worked too hard, and I have not had enough rest. Lately I have suffered from nightmares, dreams of murders, and I have discovered that I walk in my sleep. Now I fear my nightmares have come true at last."

Le Dru's sensational trial was featured by one of the most famous pleas in French legal history. The detective's attorney told the court that Le Dru was dangerous only at night, when his strange somnambulistic illness took possession of his mind, but during the day he was a law-abiding citizen.

As a result, Le Dru was sentenced to life imprisonment during the hours of darkness. From sunrise to sunset he was a free man, but every night, as darkness fell, he presented himself at the local jail and was locked in his cell. And for fifty years—half a century— the former detective faithfully served his dictated destiny.

On a night late in the year 1939, shortly before France fell in World War II, Robert Le Dru found his final commutation and release. In the morning he was found in his cell—dead.

William Heirens, 17-year-old Chicago triple killer, now serving three concurrent life sentences in Illinois mental institution, was probably a victim of auditory hallucinations, common among those who have been hypnotized or suffer from somnambulistic states. Heirens had heard "voices."

"I saw Bombay ABLAZE!"

by Bruce Farrow,

Lieutenant Colonel,

Army Reserve

British negligence lost 66,000 tons of Allied shipping when red tape hampered fire-fighters

Fear-maddened dock workers fled burning area within a few minutes after the first blast sounded. More than 3,000 Bombay inhabitants died during the fire and explosions which lasted 30 days.

THIS is a story the British won't relish seeing in print. Up until now they have succeeded in hushing public discussion of one of the greatest disasters of the war — the explosions which wrecked the port of Bombay, India.

As a former soldier, I can understand why details of the Bombay blast, the fires it started and the subsequent explosions touched off by the fires should be considered Top Secret while the war with Japan continued. But continued secrecy indicates that gross incompetence and negligence, not military security, is the real reason for their stand.

In revealing what I saw and learned from a quietly pigeon-holed British Board of Inquiry report, I'm probably breaking several of His Majesty's rules, wounding the pride of a mighty nation and invoking the wrath of the British Colonial Office. I'll take that chance.

The disaster, which outranks Texas City, Black Tom, and Halifax in point of cost in life and property damage, killed an estimated 3,000 persons. Further, the flames and flash effect of detonating high explosives sank 66,000 tons of Allied war shipping, damaged an additional 200,000 tons, made uncounted thousands of Indians homeless, wrecked India's largest port and cost an estimated third of a billion dollars in damage!

This destruction began on April 14, 1944, when the S.S. Fort Stikine, an American-built Liberty ship in British service, entered the inner Bombay harbor with a top cargo of Karachi cotton. On fire for three days, the smouldering cotton had resisted all crew's efforts to extinguish it. And under the cotton, the ship carried 1,200 tons of bulk high explosive!

The Fort Stikine berthed at the cluster of docks called Victoria Dock at 11 a.m. and was immediately boarded by about 60 Bombay firemen. They ran out hoses and began spraying water on the cotton.

But no attempt was made to get the vessel—whose dangerous cargo was known—away from the harbor and out to sea where she could be abandoned without endangering an entire city.

For almost five hours, the firemen pumped water into the Fort Stikine's forward hold. The fire continued. Then, at 3:45 in the afternoon, they conceded defeat and retired to the dock for a council of war and to await further orders. Still, no attempt was made to get the floating menace clear of the harbor.

At 4:05—just 20 minutes later, the ammunition in the Fort Stikine's forward hold went, instantly killing all but a handful of firemen, dockmen, officials and crew members.

I was about five miles away at the time, on duty at a Transportation Corps post. The earth under me heaved, followed a few seconds later by a sound like that of a giant firecracker exploding in my ear. I ran out to a staff car with one of the sergeants, and we headed for the dark, growing plume of black smoke which shot up over the dock area. When we got to within a mile of the explosion zone, we began to find parts of the Fort Stikine . . . twisted, buckled plates, a hawse hole, the rudder of a metal life boat . . .

We drove faster, risking running down fleeing natives who were stampeding away from the docks. Fires, started by the blazing hot fragments of metal were beginning to burn briskly in congested tenement and warehouse districts.

Slowed by fear-maddened native who, at times completely blocked the road, and forced to detour often to avoid buildings ablaze or obstructions in the road, we passed one open truck loading area where the jagged, torn bow of the stricken ship had landed. It must have been at least half-a-mile from the dock where she had tied up, and the bow section weighed about 400 tons! A month later, when this immense wedge of wreckage was being dynamited into smaller fragments for salvage disposal, the pulp of a man was found underneath it.

We couldn't go much further in the staff car. Wires were down, uncontrolled fires were beginning to rage through ammunition warehouses and dead men and horses jammed the road. I sent my driver back to the post for reinforcements and I ran toward the docks. A three-foot thick concrete retaining wall, slightly higher than my head saved my life.

I was skirting it, away from the dock side, when the second explosion let go. It was the ammunition in the stern hold of the Fort Stikine. Almost 3,000 tons of high explosives went off, for a second time, blasting nearby ships, docks, warehouses and apartment-house areas with a red hot rain of sizzling metal. The blast, which killed hundreds of would-be rescuers who were, like myself, just then reaching the scene of the disaster, slammed me to the ground, picked me up, then hurled me against a building wall 30 feet from where I had been running.

I estimate that I was 300 feet from the stern of the Fort Stikine at the time of the second explosion. I dived under a wrecked Ford sedan and waited for the rain of metal and incendiary material to stop falling. The stuff was like shrapnel, jagged and fast-moving, cutting through tin roofs of warehouses as easily as it split running men from their skulls to their stomachs.

As soon as this downpour of death from the skies ended, I sneaked out from under the car and ran again toward the wharf where the Fort Stikine had been located. Everywhere there was destruction. I couldn't find the ammunition ship at all. Her berth was empty. I looked around for something to do, someone to help. Fire blackened bodies, or what was left of them, were all around me. One man who evidently lived through the first blast had tried to hide in a 30-inch concrete water pipe. Then the fire caught him, crisping him in his narrow prison.

The inferno and blast of the detonating explosives had split men's bodies open so that their entrails had burst out to become entangled with their struggling legs. I found no one alive in that sector, but then I didn't have much time to look

I Saw Bombay ABLAZE (Continued)

Blaze in apartment house area got out of control while police, fire, and military officers squabbled.

Many workers perished on blazing docks. Some bodies were never recovered, others turned up so badly charred identification was all but impossible, when clean-up squads recovered them.

around. The warehouse behind me was burning. For a moment, I thought I would have to dive into the harbor and swim for safety. But, I managed to dodge back. It was then that the ammunition in the warehouse began to let go.

It was a chain reaction. An explosion would send hot metal, pieces of shall casing, tin roofing, bits and pieces of ship, box cars, parked trucks screaming through the sky to light on inflammable roofs, on combustible cargoes, and on the decks of ships standing by or berthed in the docks. At that time, merchant ships were armed and their magazines, loaded with 20 and 40 millimeter, plus three-inch Navy rounds, began to catch on fire, then explode.

By five o'clock, when we began to get some sort of fire fighting defense in action, smoke had obscured the entire city and flames were leaping two, three and four hundred feet into the dark night sky. Over 1,000 GI's, Tommies, Aussies and Indian troops poured into the stricken area to help. Air Force bomber crews on rest leave; Negro Transportation Corps truck drivers who had put maybe 10 to 20 hours behind a wheel that day; desk sergeants and PX officers; gruff British soldiers and lean, little brown Indian troopers all pitched in regardless of their rank or status.

We had to work in the fire. And I mean just that . . . in the fire. There was no creeping line of flames, such as you'll often find in a brush or forest fire. No, the Bombay disaster was a series of rapidly multiplying small fires, each of which grew quickly and dangerously unless checked.

Picture this situation. Exploding ammunition lots had scattered around on ramps, roads, docks and loading areas millions of rounds of "scratch-head" 20 millimeter anti-aircraft ammunition. That's the very sensitive bullet which has a flat head. If you lightly scratch that head, such as you might scratch a sulphur match with your thumb nail, the round goes off, you loose your hand and you *should* lose your life.

Yet, for 60 straight hours, I saw soldiers of every rank and nation shuffle through scratch-head ammuntion to fight fires with inadequate pumping equipment, to load trucks with ammunition cases so hot they scorched men's arms, to empty warehouses of ammunition before the flames got there first.

Nevertheless, I did not see, nor did I hear of, a single instance where the loose ammunition underfoot detonated.

There were hundreds of acts of sacrifice and heroism. Once, I saw American Air Force gunners turned firemen hose their way into a building they had just left. The blaze they put out was tiny compared to the new one started by fresh, hot metal sent their way by the explosion of a ship's ammunition magazines. And that warehouse had 47,552 cases of artillery ammunition in it.

Most of the men in my organization who responded to my call for reinforcements received the Army's Soldiers Medal. I have been told that similar recognition was given men from other outfits. Many heroes, of course, went unrecognized.

One man . . . I'll never know his name . . . was, I think, a candidate for a Victoria Cross. He was a merchant seaman on a British boat. His ship was tied up to a flaming pier. The ship caught fire. He was either all alone on his ship or else the only survivor. In any event, he cut loose the bow, stern and stringer lines and let the ship drift away from the dock. Then he started fighting the fire. The forward magazine blew up. That didn't stop him. The pressure on his hose line held and he finally killed the blaze.

Fire fighters on shore were not so lucky. One of the heavier fragments from one of the exploding burning ships broke the 24-inch water main on Frer Street, thus cutting us off from a major source of water under pressure. We were then forced to depend upon tiny English trailer pumps, ridiculous little things designed for fighting building fires, not warehouse fires where volume and reach was essential. And at that, we only had 138 of these pumpers for use during the fire.

Lack of co-ordination, British red tape, lack of unified authority and general confusion prevented 211 other pumps, staffed and ready to roll, from answering our alarms. In Texas City, by comparison, heavy duty, self-propelled fire apparatus came from towns and cities up to 200 miles away. Even so, our motley, exhausted crew of Yanks and Tommies, Aussies and Indians, given considerable help by regular city firemen, behaved gallantly.

Sixteen ships, for instance, threatened with fire and blast damage, were towed by two Port of Bombay and one American Army tug from the danger area. Six hundred sailors from the British cruiser HMS Sussex protected their own vessel and, in addition, tackled every warehouse in their sector, moving enough hell to blow up a destroyer.

Meanwhile, of course, the tenement buildings in the crowded waterfront section of Bombay were turned into a raging sea of flames. That's where the death toll rocketed. From time to time, I caught glimpses of this inferno as sheets of flame would leap a road or roar through another block of dry, frame dwellings. There is no accurate count of the dead in this area, but for three months afterward, search crews were busy 24 hours a day digging bodies out of the charred wreckage.

In a large measure, the job of fighting fire and minimizing further ammunition dump explosion was handicapped by old fashioned British officiousness. It was brought out, to illustrate this point, by the Boards of Inquiry, that no less than three different organizations believed themselves to be the sole high commands. Such a situation would be comic opera if it were not for the staggering cost in life and property for the blunder which began with giving the Fort Stikine permission to dock.

The police thought it was "their show." The firemen felt it was their fight. And the military, only slightly handicapped by the British Navy, strutted about, smug in the knowledge that the problem was theirs.

Result: Orders from one official to a group of

U.S. troops, including many GI's in Bombay on leave, helped fight the blaze, aid recovery of bodies.

Crew of a British warship had to clear vessel of wreckage and debris before it was towed from Bombay Harbor to drydock for repair work.

Train yards in vicinity of the docks suffered tremendous damage. Many freight cars buckled and splintered from force of high explosive blasts.

fast moving, very nervous fire fighters was often countered by an official of a rival organization. Indeed, at one point in the clearing of a high explosive warehouse, a fire captain told me to detail men to move some pumps.

I pulled out one huge Negro truck driver, strong as any three average men and together we started horsing the pumps around as we had been directed.

Then, along came a police inspector. "Colonel," he roared at me, "please, please, man, leave the pumps be and get back to your ammunition."

At the end of this 60-hour struggle with fire and fear, we were pulled off the docks for rest. At that point, I wasn't good for much, but I dimly recall packing every American I could find, plus some Tommies and Aussies, off to the post in trucks. Then I folded, too.

When I awoke the next day, the fire was still going, still out of control in some places, but the explosions were less frequent, smaller in intensity or volume. I dressed, patched a few burns and drove through the undamaged part of the city to reach an Army equipment depot at a distant railhead. Everything was safe, but on the return trip, I passed through that section of Bombay given over to fashionable shops and good hotels. On an impulse, I walked into one place. A pall of acrid smoke hung over the city. Thousands of persons were suffering from serious burns and wounds.

Yet, in that hotel, I found slicked-up British officers, each armed with his little riding crop, chatting, laughing, flirting with their ladies without any mention of the disaster which had overtaken them.

Back at the docks, the confusion created by poor, inadequate equipment and orders countermanding other orders still hampered fire control operations. Relief parties, for instance, were turned back at some gates because they didn't have "identification." Yet, every able-bodied man who could tote ammunition, lug hose, drive a truck or tend a balky pump was desperately needed.

Despite this urgency, the Deputy Commissioner of Police in charge of C.I.D., Mr. L. A. Passen Rowe took up his position outside the Yellow Gate (one major access to the fire zone) and denied entrance to many fire fighters. He testified, and I have a true copy of his testimony, that he would not allow a party of soldiers or sailors to enter the zone without a dock permit.

From my point of view—that of an American who saw in all this destruction and negligence the waste of American-made ships and material, I noticed that, strangely enough—unified command increased as the fires receded.

In fact, when the last fires were snuffed out some 30 days after the Fort Stikine blew up, unification was complete.

Only it was 30 days too late. And it took more than a year to get India's major port—one of our mightiest supply links in the battle against Japan—back to pre-explosion efficiency!

The prosecution rests.

Shrapnel-like missiles whistled through the air, even managed to puncture sturdy brick warehouse walls.

Listing dangerously, this ship was blown partly out of the water by explosion of munitions ship which was destroyed.

a knack for handling important characters is parlayed into a two-million-a-year restaurant business by a burly ex-bouncer

TOOTS SHOR is the guy who built a million-dollar business out of his talent for treating important people like ordinary people. What's more—he makes them love it. How do I know? Chum, you are talking to a Broadway press agent who is a regular at Shor's.

So you're from out of town. You read about Shor's place in the columns . . . about all the big names that come here, like President Truman, Ingrid Bergman, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Betty Grable, Fred Allen . . . Shor has a million of 'em.

Where you from? O-u-a-c-h-i-t-a, Louisiana. That's okay. It won't spoil our friendship. Sure, you can buy me one. Scotch and soda, Shippy. You were asking for the lowdown on why Shor's has become one of the most famous joints in America. Well, brother, you have asked the right party. I been playing the Shor's beat ever since he opened back in April, 1940. It cost him—and his backers—about $150,000 to get the joint open. Then last year he adds two more floors for another $300,000. But after all, it's only money.

Swell location this is, 51st Street right across from Radio City, heart of show business. You heard about Radio City back in Ouch—didn't ya, pal? And Shor's is right across the way. Toots has a lease which runs for 21 years—and just the other day he turns down an offer of a million for the lease.

So you're in town for a sugar convention, er, ah . . . Henry? Just call me Al. Henry, I don't know if you've had a chance to really case this place, but I am going to describe it so you can tell the folks back home. A press agent can really do a job on a hangout like this, believe me.

The place is built in what the architects call Georgian style. That's what one of my intellectual friends says, anyway. Maybe Ty Cobb once give Toots a couple of good tips. It's a four-story job, and the outside is sort of brick maple color. Two white columns in front—I guess they're to add a little class. I really wouldn't know.

You check your hat and coat as soon as you enter. They don't check women's clothing since someone picked up the wrong sable one day. No one ever wears a hat at the bar. This big circular bar stays open all night, and even if you only drink beer at a quarter a throw, where else can you go and see so many celebrities in person for so little dough?

Toots? His first name is really Bernard. Somehow Toots sounds better, doesn't it? He come up here from Philadelphia about 19 years ago. He used to be a shirt salesman for a while. I'd say he's 45, maybe 46. Can he handle himself? Well, he's about 240 pounds and stands more than six feet off the floor. I guess he can keep order all right—if he has to. He helped them keep order in the Five O'Clock and the Napolean Club after he come to New York, then he worked for a couple of speaks. For a while he was manager for Leon and Eddie's and Billy LaHiff's. He owned LaHiff's place before he came over here.

I'll tell you more about the big guy after a while. Another one? Okay, thanks. Plenty of ice, Shippy.

What kind of food do they serve in Shor's? It can't be too bad. They handle over 10,000 customers a week and the joint grosses near two million a year. That's a lot of sugar, Henry, if you'll pardon the expression. They serve roast beef which is softer than Hedy LaMarr's touch, and you can get a good dinner at around three bucks, plus a little extra for a tip. And if you eat downstairs you're just as liable to be rubbing elbows with such nice people as Linda Darnell, Richard Tresgaskis, Bob Hannegan, Leo Durocher, Paulette Goddard, Joe DiMaggio, Hank Greenberg, Oscar Levant, Robert Sherwood. When those big shots are in town they just head for Toots' like homing pigeons.

Quentin Reynolds gets in from Denver and phones Toots right off.

"Reporting!" he snaps like a top-sergeant.

Pat O'Brien, the movie star, informs a pal, "When I'm in New York I first visit St. Patrick's Cathedral, then I go to Toots', and then back to Hollywood."

And this oughta give you a laugh, Henry. You can still laugh, can't you, Hank? Well, Broderick Crawford, another movie guy, gets out of the Army after the war, and he makes Shor's his headquarters. One day his mother, Helen Broderick, the actress, sends him a wire which goes something like this: "DON'T KNOW HOW MANY POINTS IT TOOK TO GET YOU OUT OF ARMY. BUT HOW MANY POINTS DO YOU NEED TO GET OUT OF TOOTS SHOR'S?"

If you hang around this bar long enough, Henry, you'll see 'em all . . .

Do you need a reservation for dinner? Naw. It's hard to make one, because the regulars get first call. But if you give Joe Harrison, the dining room boss a ring, you might get a break at that. He's a nice guy. The best time to come in? Just about anytime, Henry. It all depends on how things break. This bar's a pleasant place. Like the liquor? None better in town, I'd say. Runs about 75 cents a shot for scotch and run-of-the-mill cocktails, and if you get too cute about how you want that bourbon old fashioned, on the third time around one of Toot's bartenders may politely but firmly tell you, "Look, Mac, this is Shor's—not The Colony or 21!"

That guy who just came in—now he's over near the entrance to the dining room—that's Earl Wilson, the columnist. Now watch Toots break the record for the fat men's 100 as he sprints over to give him a real old-fashioned bear-hug. Anytime you see Toots move like that, you can bet that Wilson or maybe Walter Winchell, Leonard Lyons, or Louis Sobol is in view. Toots is a poor man's Who's Who. You watch him and you'll know all the Hooperatings. Toots goes inside with Earl. Now you see this droopy-looking little guy in the entrance. Looks like a nobody. He's the head of a big tire company. Watch Toots swing into action. He's over to the guy like a magnet and in he escorts him to the seats with the red leather.

What are the red leather seats? They're the box seats at Shor's, junior, and when you sit there, you've made the Varsity. The red leather seats are on either side of the inside entrance to the dining room, and from there you can see everyone—and they can see you.

Many times you will see famous characters like Madam Chiang Kai-shek, Ann Sheridan, Bill Veeck, Danny Kaye or Elliott Roosevelt sitting there. But just as often you will see someone you don't know. But Toots knows. And you can bet that guy you don't know is plenty important.

Pardon me a minute Henry, there's a guy over there I gotta see. Table-

hopping, and bar-hopping, too, is the reason a press agent hangs around a joint like this. Gives you a chance to run into all the characters in the trade. It'll only take a minute . . .

Hello, again. Hey, I see you had Shippy set 'em up. Swell fella, Shippy. He was a pearl-diver at Bellevue. No, that ain't the DT's, Henry. He was a dishwasher. Good guy. Likes fights. I'll tell you somethin' . . .

These bartenders here are in a good spot. Some of these guys can fix up auditions with the biggest radio and television people. A guy gets potted and he softens up. Catch? These bartenders are no dopes. The waiters aren't, either. They try to remember the names of the regulars and the big shots. It flatters the customers to be called by name. Toots is tops in that department. He knows about 5,000 people by the first name.

See, the sports crowd is startin' to drift in. Some guys say it was the sports-writers that really made Shor's. The sports crowd goes for the place all right—but you don't have to be a celebrity to hang out at the bar. Toots is glad to take anyone's dough—he's real democratic that way. He's smart in lots of ways. For one thing he won't pick up a check for newspapermen the way so

the TRUTH about TOOTS

by paul gardner

many guys do. Toots don't believe in it. He won't "cuff" anyone because he's afraid he might favor some guys and pass others up by mistake. So nobody free-loads. Yet, when they threw a party for columnist Frank Graham one time, Toots threw open the whole joint for free drinks to everybody.

But don't get the idea that everyone's pal Toots, is the nicest guy in the world. Maybe Toots agrees with Leo Durocher that nice guys don't win pennants. Anyway, no one will ever accuse Toots of being a sweet-natured softy. Sometimes he's hard to figure considering the way he likes publicity. Like the other day I am sitting here and a young fellow comes in and says he is from such-and-such a magazine which is going to do a piece on Toots. All he wants is for Toots to cooperate with his photographer, which I think you will agree isn't such an awful lot to expect. But he gets Toots in a surly mood. "G'wan," Toots snarls at the guy. "Talk to me about it some other time. I don't think I go for the idea."

"Never mind, Toots, I won't bother you any more," the magazine guy says and he shrugs and walks out. Only Toots loses because the guy's editor gets huffy and says the hell with Shor; he gets too much publicity anyway. And they cancel out the assignment. For a shrewd operator, which he is, Toots can be real thick some times.

Another time, I am sitting at that table on the left side. Over there, Henry, where the blonde with the big . . . yeah, that's the table. All of a sudden Toots puts on the brakes and whispers in a voice you could hear way down in O-u-c-h. . . . Well, down to Coney Island anyway, "See ya bum! I got the Varsity here today!"

Naturally, I look around, expectin' to see Harry Truman flanked by Tom Clark and General Vaughan.

I follow Toots' hand-signal, and there—from left to right—are Ford Frick, Horace Stoneham, Mel Ott, Leo Durocher, and Carl Hubbell.

When Horace Stoneham, the President of the New York Giants, named Mel Ott to the managership of the team some years back, he called Toots from Jacksonville, Fla., to break the news to him. Toots passed the word along to newspapermen in the joint and the news broke here in Manhattan before the guys traveling with the club knew anything about it. Some one who really knows the sports beat once estimated that 50 to 60 per cent of the big sports deals in the U.S., crack right in Shor's—and that's just one angle of the business.

Toots keeps busy. When there's no baseball of an afternoon, he makes phone call after phone call getting tickets for shows and doing favors for the right people. His telephone gets red hot each afternoon.

During the baseball season, of course, Toots goes out to watch his Giants every day. He's a great Giant fan. He has a trick memory—he remembers dates only by important sports events! He will say that such a thing happened, or that a certain guy died when Lou Nova fought Tony Galento. His highest praise breaks out in sporting terms. When somebody once asked Toots how it felt to shake hands with the late President Roosevelt when he, Frank Sinatra and Rags Ragland were invited to the White House, he says and there are tears in his eyes—

"It was like . . . like watching Carl Hubbell pitching a no-hit game!"

Many of his customers become peeved when they feel Toots hasn't noticed them sufficiently. Once I see Toots walk in back of the main dining room when he "notices" this guy. The guy gets up. Toots puts his hand on the fellow's shoulder and it's like the silly guy thinks he is being made a knight or something like that. And it's supposed to be some kind of honor for Toots to call you a bum. I can't figure it either, Henry.

When they had that midnight curfew in New York during the war, Toots, looked at Frankie Sinatra and bellowed:

"All out at a quarter to twelve. You, too, ya crum bum. You're no ad for an eating joint!"

Then he crowed:

"Anybody who ain't drunk by midnight, ain't really trying."

By a strange coincidence, Henry, you may have noticed back in Ouch—back home, that is, that just about anything Toots says, does, or thinks, gets into the columns. He doesn't exactly employ a publicity man, but he does seem to have a way with the columnists and reporters. He knows how to pass along the right information.

And to Toots anyone is fair game.

Louis B. Mayer, who owns Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanders into the joint one day. He looks around and idly remarks to Toots:

IN THE JARGON of a Broadway-hardened press agent, Paul Gardner tells the story of Toots Shor—the man and his restaurant. Told in the manner of a press agent talking to a tourist he has met at the bar, Gardner describes the wonders—and some of the foolishness—surrounding the popular New York dining-and-drinking spot. A free-lance writer, radio producer, and press agent himself, the author has contributed his share of expense account money to the Toots Shor till.

"This is a nice place you got here. I hope the food is good."

Toots doesn't bat an eye.

"Could be, L.B. I've seen some of the pictures you make—and we all have our bad days, don't we?"

He's a lot more settled down now than he ever was before—but essentially his personality isn't a bit different than back in 1944 when Harry Truman was Vice President and he came into Shor's for dinner one time.

"Good evening, Mr. Vice President," says Toots in his suavest tone.

"None of that formality," says the future president. "To my friends I'm Harry."

Toots whacks Harry Truman on the back and roars in his best bull moose voice:

"G'wan, I'm tryin' to make a big shot out of ya!"

In Balinese dancing every muscle of the body is used. Special control is demanded in use of fingers, eyes, neck. The muscular training, plus daily swimming helps Bali women retain superb figures.

bali

The never-never land of pre-war tourists is still a South Pacific Eden despite Jap efforts to industrialize island

BEFORE American soldiers started to descend on the far-off islands of the South Pacific during World War II, Bali was cloaked in a nebulous folklore and mysticism that is always associated with strange, romantic, esoteric places. Today, Bali is something more substantial and real in the mind's eye, for, due to increased familiarity, it has shed some of its pre-war glamor. It does, however, still retain a glow of desirability for the dreamer, would-be-tourist, and world traveler.

Despite rumor and the message borne by the fabulous Broadway stage hit, "South Pacific", the word "Bali" has no actual significance. Once under control and domination of the Dutch, Bali is now completely decontrolled. A popular government runs the 93-mile-long island; military control is no more.

Bali became part of the independent state of East Indonesia on December 24, 1946, and will ultimately be a segment of the United States of Indonesia when all differences between the Dutch, nationalist natives, and Communist elements are resolved.

Natives of Bali (the population is about 1,200,000 Indonesians, and a scant 500 Europeans) are of the same stock as the Javanese, resemble them in general appearance, exceed them in muscular power, stature, and activity. The people are apathetic politically, but they dance, paint, carve to their heart's content in an atmosphere of serenity that is the closest approximation of the traditional Hollywood South Sea Island paradise.

Some of the most experienced rice-growers in the world are located in Bali, but cocoa, coffee, cocoanuts, rice, pork, wood-carving and temple-building are also important to the natives.

The pre-war tourist mecca has undergone several changes as a result of Japanese wartime occupation. The people have become *takut,* shy and afraid, and Balinese women, once completely uninhibited about their nudity, now cover up in the presence of white men. The majority of the women now wear sarongs, or scarf-like pieces of cloth draped around their necks and over their chests.

Japanese influence also was exerted to industrialize Bali, and discourage the practice of the prevalent religion, Hinduism. Because of the valuable tourist trade, the Dutch never tried the former, but under Jap pressure factories were built for rough cloth and leather production. A sugar factory, a newspaper, and a meat-packing plant were also instituted.

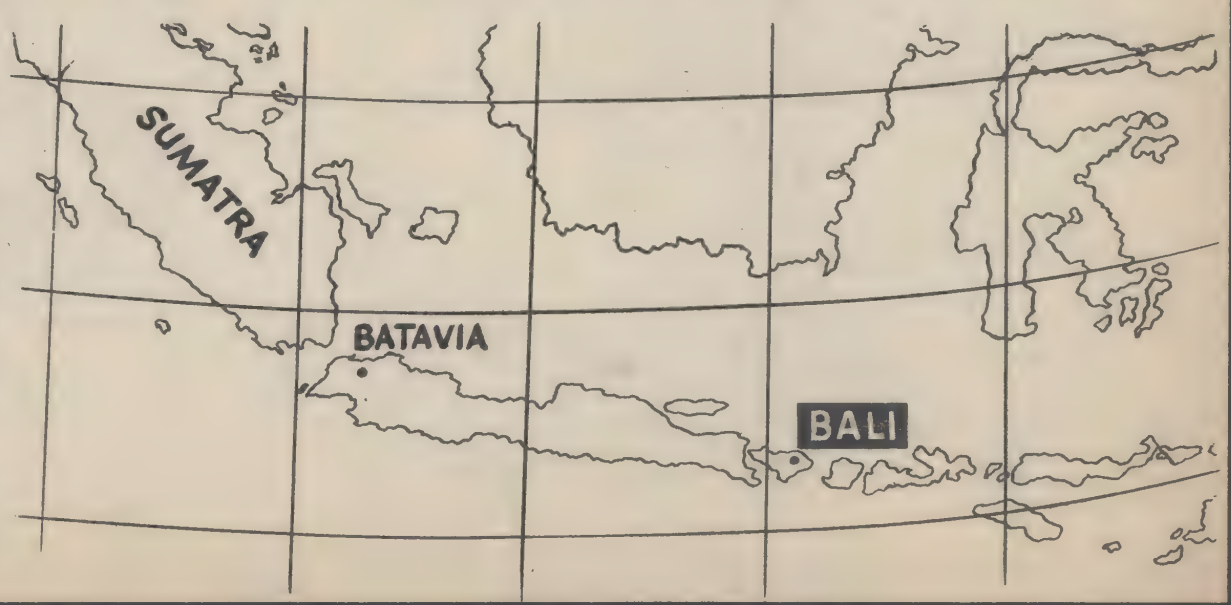
The basic Jap form of maltreatment was the debauchery of wholesale groups of Balinese women. For the most part, however, the Japs behaved surprisingly well.

The people of Bali today would like to write off the war as a bad dream —but they are dedicated to upholding their newly-won freedom, which is their most prized possession.

continued on next page

where is bali?

- Bali is an island of the East Indies, East of Java, and about 7,500 miles from San Francisco.
- The island's greatest breadth is 50 miles, its length approximately 93 miles, and its total area 2,095 square miles.
- Capital of Bali is Singaradja, which has a population of 12,300 Indonesians, and 200 Europeans. Buleleng, chief Balinese town, is in the Northwest.
- Bali, which belongs physically to Java, has Java's climate (tropical) and soil. Its rivers are not navigable, and there are a number of volcanoes on the island.
- In 1882, for administrative purposes, Bali was separated from Java, and combined with the island of Lombok. Lombok, however, is no longer administered with Bali.



A cremation is a happy occasion for the Balinese, for it symbolizes the send-off of the soul to heaven. The ceremony attending the cremation of an important Rajah's grandmother is pictured above. The body is in the top of the high tower. Balinese look forward to cremations during life.

One of favorite dishes of Balinese is a roasted pig. The cook keeps the pig well greased, so that it will roast a dark brown with delicious crisp skin. It is also served spiced with herbs, and adorned with flowers behind it ears. Balinese are Hindus, and are thus permitted to eat pork.

Balinese women are beautiful, healthy, relaxed

Rice-pounding in Bali is always accompanied by some sort of rhythm, produced by groups of three to five. Beautiful music is made by the many wooden staffs that pound against a trough with skilled control. These sounds permeate almost every village in Bali.

Living proof of the widely-held reputation of Balinese women for beauty is this shot of long-tressed Balinese. Outdoor life, ability to relax thoroughly may account for this physical attractiveness. Bali women have become more inhibited since Jap occupation.

Swiss painter Theodore Meier has settled in Bali. He has become a "healer" to Balinese who have been treated by him for many minor ailments. Some of the natives think Meier has *kesaktian* (supernatural powers). When Balinese visit doctor they bring him ducks, vegetables, fruit, palm blossom wine.

The senior member of a Balinese literary club at the Court of the Rajah of Denpasar reads to his audience from a palm leaf book. Religion plays large part in the lives of the Balinese. Their religious rites consist mainly of rice offerings to their Gods and Goddesses, chief of whom is Goddess of Fertility.

Balinese are addicted to celebrations. Each temple and person in Bali celebrates two birthdays a year. Boy and girl here are playing a duet on Jewsharps, with boy in background accompanying them. Occasion was private festival. Wooden mask was used by boy in drama skits.

An artist from Europe finds true peace with his paintbrush and a Balinese wife

ALONG the sandy stretch of land called Sanur Beach in Bali, gaunt, wiry artist Le Mayeur, who deserted the continent of Europe for the peace of mind he found was obtainable only on this little island in the Pacific, makes his year-round home. Le Mayeur, now over 60, met and married his lovely, graceful Balinese wife Pollok, about 15 years ago. When Le Mayeur first arrived in Bali after a search of almost two decades, he chose young Pollok as his model. Pollok, now 33, comes from a small village near Sanur Beach, was living with her mother, a poor widow, when she attained fame as a Legong dancer. Le Mayeur studied engineering, graduated from the Royal Academy of Belgium. His grandfather once served as Belgian Ambassador to the U.S. He developed wanderlust after service in World War I. The urge to create emanates from his father, who taught him to paint.

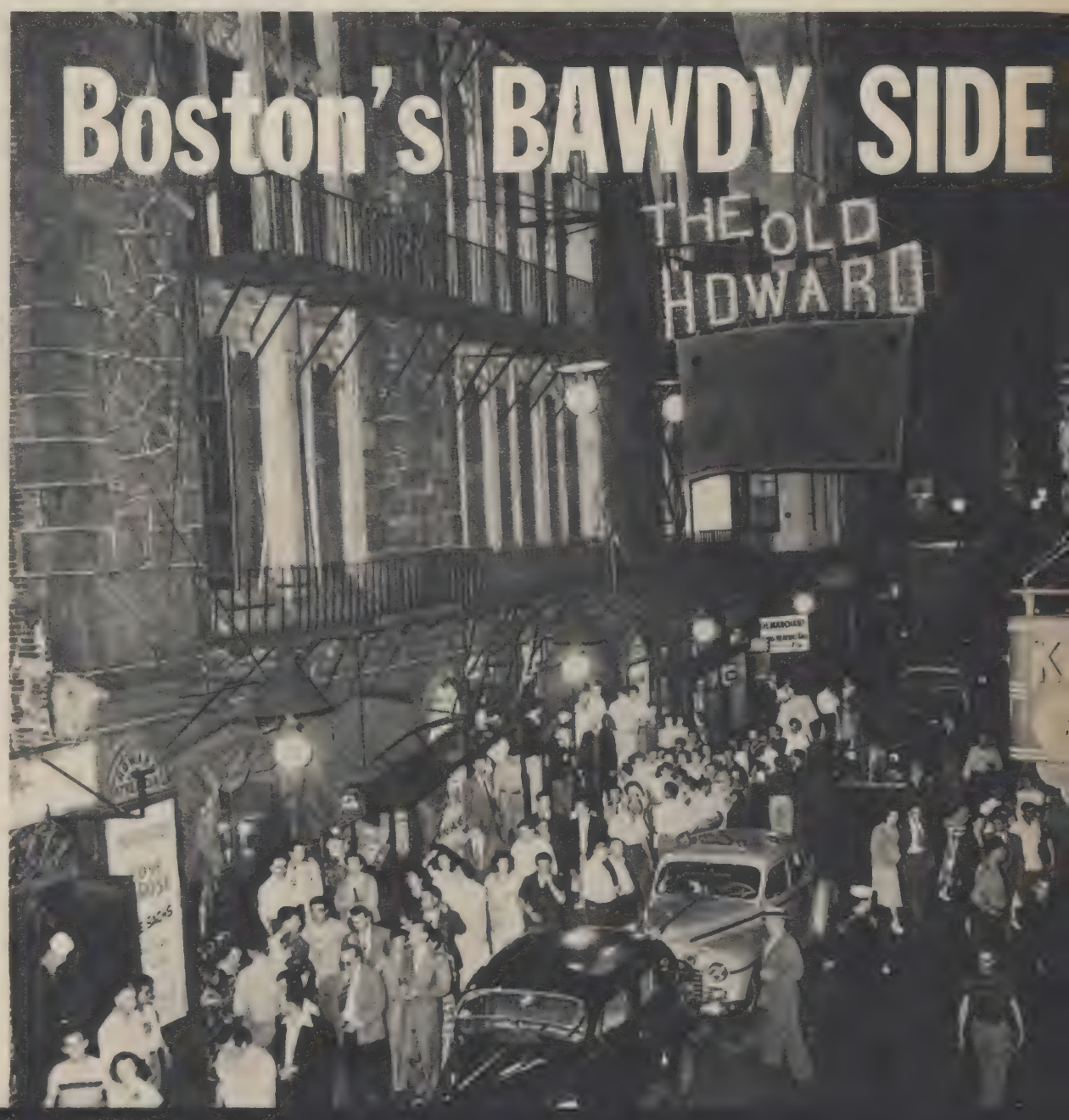
After World War I, artist Le Mayeur, combing the world for a place of "unspoiled beauty," traveled far and wide until he hit Bali 20 years from day he started search. His Balinese wife, Pollok, and he, inseparable companions, pose in front of their home on Sanur Beach.

Mrs. Le Mayeur of Bali is Pollok, beautiful Balinese, married to European painter. Pollok is shown here in her spotless kitchen. She is a good cook, makes her own sauces and desserts, though she has plenty of help. Most Bali women give up dancing when they marry.

Pollok drinks from a Balinese earthen jug. Although Pollok does not dance at festivals, she dances for friends and uses the legong routine as a sort of calisthenics. Her sarongs range from warm brown Batiks to silks of bright green.

Le Mayeur bought his Balinese wife a small horse and cart in which to drive two miles from her village to his Sanur Beach studio. Horse and Le Mayeurs take their noontime dip (above). Artist still rides horse every day.

Boston's BAWDY SIDE



IMPROPER BOSTONIANS REVERE THE OLD HOWARD, BURLESQUE HOUSE WITH A HALLOWED PAST

by john keating

A SHORT time ago, while traveling in Europe, Louis J. Croteau, the executive secretary of that most proper of all Proper Bostonian organizations, the Watch and Ward Society, was brought up short by the reaction of the clerk in his Paris hotel when he wrote the word "Boston" after his name in the hotel's register.

"Ah, Boston," the Frenchman exclaimed. "How is your lovely city? I know it well—the Common, the Old Howard. *Comment ça va,* the Old Howard? How goes it there?"

The Old Howard, known officially as the Howard Athanaeum, is, as all Improper Bostonians know and most visitors to the Hub soon find out, a burlesque theatre situated on dingy Howard Street, on the ragged edge of Scollay Square. It is just the sort of place the Watch and Ward Society is decidedly not proud of. Croteau, therefore, switched the subject to more acceptable memorabilia, such as the Bunker Hill Monument, Faneuil Hall and the old North Church from which Paul Revere got his signals a number of years ago. It shocked him to think that a visitor to Boston should ignore these things and go into raptures over a burlesque house. He rationalized the situation by reminding himself that the man was French and therefore inclined to give a disproportionate weight to such matters.

This neat explanation was shattered, however, when he continued his journey to Rome and Athens and found himself greeted in each of those two cradles of culture with almost the same words the worldly Frenchman had used. After several months abroad, the Watch and Warder came to the reluctant conclusion that the grimy old horror of Howard Street is probably the best-known and certainly the most fondly-remembered of all the Hub's myriad historical attractions.

It is also one of the most improbable of the many paradoxes which abound in that frequently schizo-phrenic city. For, while the town's legion of hyper-sensitive censors have forbidden the presentation of scores of legitimate theatre productions, including such highly-regarded dramas as "Desire Under The Elms," "Deep Are The Roots," and "The Iceman Cometh" (and have even found things to blue-pencil in "Life With Father"), the Old Howard has been allowed to go its raffish way practically without interruption. Only once during its half-century of existence as the Palace of Burlesque has it been closed.

The padlock was hung on the old barn's creaking front door on January 17, 1933, after a trio of investigators from the Watch and Ward Society had stumbled upon a "shocking" show featuring Ann Corio and Hinda Wassau, a sinuous wench allegedly from somewhere east of Suez. Old habitues of the Howard insist that it was a relatively restrained performance but the chief investigator, a churlish fellow named John D. Slaymaker, described it as "worse than anything seen in Havana." This statement, uttered in open court, convinced the more worldly Bostonians that Mr. Slaymaker had never been to Havana, or, if he had, that he had made the trip wearing blinders.

Slaymaker's vivid description of the "vulgar sinuosity" of Miss Corio's dancing had the audience enthralled. When the investigator finished his spiel, the judge, obviously a man with a waggish sense of humor, asked him for a brief demonstration. Spectators perked up in their seats and riveted their attentions on the unhappy Watch and Ward man. He dashed their hopes, however, by firmly declining the invitation to undulate. The crowd was further depressed when the judge decided that the Old Howard did indeed need a cooling-off period. Over the anguished wails of thousands of aficionados of the bump and belly-roll, the bars went up for a thirty-day period.

So far as can be observed, the dark month brought no essential change in the established order of things. In the years since the shutdown, almost all the best-known bodies in burlesque have been bared at the ancient auditorium. Such eminent ecdysiasts as Margie Hart, Georgia Southern, Winnie Garrett, Ann Corio, Peaches Strange, Scarlett Kelly, Lili St. Cyr and Lois De Fee have bumped and strutted their way across its stage.

From time to time, the censors have declared one or another of the more daring disrobers too hot for the Howard to handle. One such was an uninhibited young woman named Rose La Rose. Miss La Rose, the sort of dedicated peeler to whom even the stage hands pay attention, was ever alert to discover new ways to make her act more exciting. Time and again, the men who lay down the law cautioned Max Michaels, the Howard's stage manager about the unseemly abandon of her dancing and disrobing. Max would tell her to restrain herself. Rose would agree. Then the gallery guys would applaud and raise the ancient cry of "Take it off!" and Rose would forget her promise and obey their call. When, finally, she hit upon the notion of doing her writhing and bumping lying down, the censors stepped in. They dropped the curtain on the act and bade the fair Rose take her talents elsewhere. The prohibition didn't last very long, however. At the end of last season, the posters outside the old theatre proclaimed the fact that the inspiring Rosie was back, after a triumphal tour of Hollywood, Newark and Union City, New Jersey.

Proper Bostonians, when reminded of the existence of the Scollay Square strip-center, console themselves by recalling the first, or pre-peeler, period of the old hall's history. For the Howard, like practically everything else in the Hub, has a hallowed past. It is, for one thing, the oldest theatre in the country. It opened on the night of October 13, 1845, with a representation of Sheridan's "The School for Scandal," starring James H. Hackett, one of the outstanding actors of the era. But the Howard's original claim to fame lies even deeper buried in the annals of Boston. It was built in 1843 by the followers of an amateur evangelist named William Miller as a sort of waiting room for the second coming of Christ, an event which Miller expected sometime between March, 1843, and March, 1844.

Miller was a veteran of the war of 1812 who had, shortly after his return to civilian life, taken up the study of the Bible. His readings in the

(*Continued on page* 37)

Producer at the Old Howard is Bunny Weldon, who likes to call his productions "variety shows." Bunny is shown with a group of his chorus cuties.

Matty Mixon, tap dancer star, awaits a cue backstage, as she talks with comedian "Sparky" Kaye. Her act is interspersed among the strip routines.

Old Howard chorus girls must obey Bunny Weldon edict of "No Cursing, No Drinking, No Lateness For Shows." Average pay is about $45 a week.

One of additional distinctions of the Old Howard is fact that there is no stage door. Actors make entrances, and exits through grocery store, above

Typical of Scollay Square's contemporary chorus crop is young Jean Sharon, readying herself for show. Kids arrive about 11:30 a.m., leave 11 p.m.

Backstage, chorine Theresa Dee, who is married, shows picture of baby son Mark to Jean Sharon. Girls are not bothered by stage-door Johnnies.

Star of many an Old Howard show, Rose La Rose (above) is still a featured performer, though she was once barred by censors for "slightly over-peeling."

Informality is the rule backstage. Wrapped in a towel, Rose does a bit of soaping down and washing at ancient sink after a particularly hot show.

As a main event belly-bumper at the Old Howard, Rose is in good company, for Ann Corio, Margie Hart, are some who have strutted on-stage.

Producer Bunny, crowded in by old song scores, costumes, boxes, is listed in "Who's Who of '47, and '48," calls 20's the best burlesque period.

Abe Koplen rules the ticket booth. He's been with theatre over 20 years. The Old Howard is one of the few Shakesperian theatres in country.

Performers chat, nibble oranges as they wait "on" cue. Strippers get as much as $500 a week, while non-headliners make as much as $125 to $150.

prophecies led him to the startling conclusion that the return of Christ was due around the year 1843. He kept this deduction to himself for fifteen years or more and then, in 1831; yielded to the urge to spread the word. According to the best contemporary reports, he was a sensation. Great crowds flocked to every church at which he appeared and the invitations to speak poured in from all sides. A volume he published in 1836, entitled "Evidence from Scripture and History of the Second Coming of Christ, about the Year 1843," sold thousands upon thousands of copies.

Miller finally set the date at April 23, 1843, and, as the great day approached, various disciples reported seeing rings around the sun, great crosses flaming in the sky and a huge sword hanging ominously above the wicked earth. The entire country was astir but the greatest excitement prevailed around New York and New England. Men left crops unharvested, closed their places of business, walked off their jobs. The imminent approach of the God of Love so terrified some that they went stark raving mad.

The Boston Millerites, of whom there were thousands, decided to do the thing in style. They bought a plot of pasture land from the estate on which, in former times, a Governor's lodgings had stood, and ereceted on it a huge, wooden building which they named the Tabernacle of the Second Coming of Christ. Huge and fearsome murals depicting all the monsters mentioned in the Book of Revelation adorned the inside walls, and glared down at the agitated Millerites.

The building was thrown up in a great hurry, and, at one point, some non-Millerite Bostonians became concerned lest it become a safety hazard. The front wall, they noticed, leaned over Howard Street like a threat. They took the matter up with the Mayor, Martin Brimmer, who called in the construction boss and asked him what he thought he was doing. The builder listened apathetically and, when the Mayor had finished speaking, replied, "What difference does it make if our wall is flimsy? The world itself shall last only a few days more. Our wall will stand that long." The Mayor, however, was not so thoroughly convinced of the correctness of Miller's divinations. He ordered the man to rebuild the wall.

"It's all right if it topples over inward," Brimmer said, "but it cannot lean out over the street."

The structure lasted a lot longer than the few days the builder had promised. As a matter of fact, it outlasted the patience of most of the prophet's followers. For, as everyone should know by now, Christ did not descend on Boston on the Miller-appointed day, April 23, 1843, nor on any of the revised rendezvous dates he later substituted. Finally, after a number of disappointments, the disenchanted disciples rented the huge and useless temple to a theatrical company, who promptly hired a crew of workmen to blot out the terrifying murals and re-inforce the walls with massive granite blocks painted to resemble freestone.

A gaudy melodrama entitled "Pizarro" proved to be the building's nemesis. It arrived at the Howard Anthanaeum, as the place was now called, on the night of February 23, 1846, some four months after the eminent Mr. Hackett had opened it as a theatre with his production of "The School for Scandal." According to the script, "Pizarro" was supposed to end in a blaze of excitement, with a ball of fire descending from the heavens. As it turned out, the blaze was more realistic than the producer could possibly have desired. When the fire descended, it devoured everything but the granite outer walls and the audience, which had time to make it into Scollay Square.

THE fire-defying granite was retained as the nucleus of the present building, which was erected in the summer of the same year and opened by the popular Mr. Hackett in another Sheridan comedy, "The Rivals." For the next thirty years or more, it was one of the outstanding legitimate theatres in the country. During a period when theatres in general were looked upon as vile dens of iniquity, the reputation of the Howard remained untarnished. Anna Cora Mowatt, the New York society girl who shocked the gentry by going on the stage in the 1840's, recorded the opinion in her charming and candid *Autobiography of An Actress* that "no stage in America is so free from the possibility of anything objectionable as the Howard Athanaeum." All the great stars of the era played there: Edwin Forrest, Charlotte Cushman, Charles Kean, the legendary George Macready and the various Boothes, including the lean and hungry assassin, John Wilkes.

The President-killer's father, Junius Brutus Boothe, was an outstanding favorite at the Howard and one of the most eccentric thespians ever let loose upon a stage. His performance as Richard III consistently electrified the staid Bostonians. Ols Junius anticipated Stanislavsky by several decades; he would throw himself into his part with such fervor that, frequently, he put the other actors in mortal danger when he cut loose during the play's duelling scenes. On more than one occasion, startled pedestrians outside the theatre would see W. H. Smith, his opponent in the skirmish, high-tailing it out of the auditorium into the street, with Junius in hot pursuit, waving his saber and roaring Elizabethan epithets at the retreating actor's back.

Junius, like many a great actor before and since, had an overweening fondness for most varieties of drinking alcohol, and frequently found it difficult to keep his appointment with the curtain. The manager of the Howard, a man named Tom Ford, finally hit upon a device which he thought would insure the presence of his star at the theatre at the appointed time. He wrote a clause in Boothe's contract, to which Junius agreed, which called for the actor to be locked in his hotel-room an hour before dinner and to remain there until Ford arrived to escort him to the theatre. Junius never broke his word, but he managed to get plastered, anyhow. The old boy employed a variation on the system used by most children when attacking a soda. He inserted a straw through a keyhole and, with the help of a willing and mercenary bellhop, who brought a succession of highballs to the door, he drank himself orey-eyed.

The high polish of the Howard began to tarnish toward the end of the 1870's, when jugglers, acrobats, trained seals and such shoved the distinguished tragedians and their comic peers off the stage. It was the first and, for some fifteen or twenty years, remained the most important vaudeville theatre in Boston. Burlesque slithered in during the '90s and nothing, including the Watch and Ward Society, the License Commission, the Police Department or any of the city's numerous censors, has been able to move it out for long. For the past couple of decades, it has been one of the main stops on the Columbia circuit, one of the two major burlesque wheels operating East of the Mississippi.

Bunny Weldon, the fussy, nervous little man who is the producer at the Old Howard, thinks the old theatre had its Golden Age as a burlesque house during the Twenties.

"Those were the days when burlesque theatres were used to preview the big production numbers for all the important Broadway producers," he says. "And all the big song-writers, like Sigmund Romberg, Cole Porter and Jerome Kern, would try out their new songs on the burlesque wheels."

Weldon is a small, excitable man of fifty-five or thereabouts, who jitters around his backstage domain like an irritable mother hen. He wears his forehead in a perpetual frown and his lips are generally set in the strained position of a man who has just sucked on a lemon for the past half-hour. He loves to reminisce.

"They used to send back big bouquets of roses, baskets of fruit, hams, cheeses, boxes of candy and bushel-baskets of delicacies like artichokes and strawberries for the girls," he says. "Nowadays, the only stage door Johns are college boys trying to pick up an autographed G-string for a fraternity initiation or some such nonsense."

Bunny dominates his covey of chorus-girls with the prim severity of a house-mother in a home for wayward girls. He has three unbreakable rules —No Drinking, No Cursing, No Lateness for Shows—and the slightest infraction is enough to

(*Continued on page* 56)

Ladies love it when Humphrey Bogart gets tough with a screen sweetie. But let the old man lose his temper one time and it's next stop Reno.

hollywood is ruining

THE LITTLE LADIES HAVE FOISTED A FALSE SET OF STANDARDS AND NOTIONS ON THE HARRIED MALE—ALL BECAUSE THEY'VE SEEN TOO MANY MOVIES!

by cameron shipp
author of "With a Feather on My Nose"

A LARGE and able editor once told me in his cups how to live with a woman. He alleged—and swore by the barkeep's head it was so—that on the night before his wedding he drove his girl out into the Westchester hills, parked behind a billboard, and blacked her eyes.

"That is the kind of man I am," he told her.

"Naturally," he said, "the kid admired me and adored me, so we have lived happily together for twenty years during which I have not had to bruise her more than six times."

The very *preposterousness* of this fable emphasizes the all-around bleak plight of the Republic's husbandry today. The fact that we have lost control of the women is evident everywhere, from the amazing things they wear, which we don't like, to the modern way they furnish homes, which we detest, and including, even, embarrassing personal standards for ourselves which shatter our male confidence and make us feel as uncouth and as inept as pantsless anthropoids.

The inspiration for this false set of standards the babes have foisted upon us, and made us pay for and even respect, is obvious. The girls have been seeing too many movies. They trot down to the neighborhood cinema on afternoons when they should normally be playing bridge or running up large charge accounts, and they return home star-eyed, full of wish-fulfillment dreams, jampacked with notions about sex, fashion design, masculine earning power, child-rearing, and home decoration which have no possible connection with reality and *are not intended to have.*

To say that American motion pictures on the market today represent accurate reporting of American life is to nominate yourself for the looney bin. Might as well argue that Claudette Colbert is the typical American wife, or that Robert Mitchum is the typical American boy friend. American motion pictures are fairy tales, as any intellect above the level of a spaniel knows. They're all right, too, a sleek, handsome product, essentially no more subversive than bubblegum or popsicles—but brother! The impact they have upon the mind of the American wife!

For instance:

About a year ago, a nice little picture called "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House," with Myrna Loy and Cary Grant, was released to the public. But the star of the film was neither Miss Loy nor Mr. Grant. The star was a

house, a fine house, an exceedingly desirable house. Equipped with the latest gadgets, from electric ranges with semaphores to bathrooms that looked like beauty parlors, it was all the same a comfortable-looking home. It was, indeed, so desirable that more than 30,000 women wrote to the studio asking for detailed plans. These were supplied.

Thirty thousand husbands were then depressed by the demand for identical houses, at an estimated cost of $27,000 per house exclusive of real estate. The proper lot for such a house would run between $5,000 and $10,000 anywhere. For all I know, thousands of working stiffs were had by this deal, possibly one of the greatest boons to carpentry since the invention of the roof.

But gentlemen, let's go a little farther. A telephone call to Hollywood 5911, RKO Studio, reveals that this Blandings dream was no mere $27,000 house. It cost the studio $140,000. It was designed by Carroll Clark and Albert D'Agostino of the art department, whose combined salaries top $2,000 a week.

But the average American husband ($3,000-a-year bracket, probably) has been made to feel cheap because he cannot supply his bride with the same!

There is no question today that the American husband has been ejected from his bathroom. Bathrooms used to be comfortable places, where a man could be himself, fine for singing and reading. Today they resemble beauty parlors, white and blushing pink, shining so that they hurt the eyes, and extremely dangerous with slick surfaces and breakable glass. The first such bathroom was shown in a Warner Brothers picture about fifteen years ago as the result of a strictly commercial tie-up with a well-known brand of soap. The girls drooled over it and husbands have been embarrassed in their own tubs ever since.

White furniture, another abomination, can also be laid to Warner Brothers. This appeared during the depression in a film called "Golden Arrows," and made its debut merely because some art directors were stuck with some old furniture, had no money to spend, and so painted the aged stuff white, for the hell of it. Now, there is no sense, no reason, and no precedent for anything as silly as white furniture, but the girls saw movie stars sit in it, and there you are. It is still with us.

White telephones appeared first in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, put there in a boudoir scene for Jean Harlow. Also, Metro laid down some white rugs because Miss Harlow had cute toes. The combination was highly photogenic. Therefore, we broke out in a national flurry of white rugs, despite the palpable fact that the only possible use a white rug can be put to is as a background for having your toes photographed.

Bedrooms—bedrooms used to be comfortable rooms in which a gent could hang his britches on the chair. Today, you are not sure whether you have wandered into a New England tea room or a seraglio. Kitchens—kitchens used to be comfortable places where a man could open a bottle of beer or invite his neighbor in for a snifter of bourbon and tap water over the sink, but a kitchen today resembles a clinical laboratory. They do not even smell good any more. They too, were inspired by the movies.

your wife

And here is a curious but realistic commentary on female psychology: an enormous share of the five and a half million fan letters (chiefly by women) received in Hollywood yearly, goes to such gents as Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney, George Raft, and Robert Mitchum. Tough guys. Mr. Bogart, for instance, has an average take of a thousand letters a week, but let him smack a tomato in the puss, or kick her where she sits, and his mail instantly jumps to more than 5,000 a week.

So that's what the ladies want? Oh, yeah? You try lambasting one and see how fast she hollers for the pokey wagon and the alimony shyster. *But she holds it against you that you aren't like Bogart!*

She also holds it against you that you aren't like Robert Taylor, Cary Grant, and, perhaps, Clifton Webb.

The girls will reply to this that the gents want their wives to be like Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth, but let's not be bemused by that argument. The Misses Grable and Hayworth are luscious and desirable young women—in

(*Continued on page* 55)

U. S. girls spend large amounts of money and time in an effort to resemble stars like Rita Hayworth. Most U. S. males, however, wish their women would stop trying to dress and talk like movie queens.

Wives, on the other hand, attempt to mold their husbands into traditional glamour-boy types like Clark Gable (left), Gary Cooper and Gregory Peck.

FIRE FIGHTERS-

modern style

Now-a-days "smoke-eaters" use helicopters, bulldozers, prisoners to battle forest blazes

IN the atomic age you don't simply fight forest fires with water. To protect over 624 million acres (or nearly one-third of the continental United States) of forest land, helicopters are now launched to plot the use of equipment on the ground; radio-equipped bulldozers are directed from helicopters; fire-fighters work out of main bases of operation, much as a command post functions in the field during war-time. Latest innovation is the introduction, in California, of blaze-battling prisoners. At the Chino, (Cal.) Institute for Men they are experimenting with this new therapeutic technique for inmates. It calls for selected groups of prisoners to take an active part in quashing incipient forest fires that threaten to destroy acres of land. Thus far there have been few escape attempts.

A group of prisoner fire-fighters from the Chino, California Institute for Men arrives at the scene of forest fire. They're exceptional "smoke-eaters."

Helicopter pilot Fred Brown covers the fires from the air, helps the fighters plot the use of equipment down below, informs of fire's progress by radio.

Conflagrations in vast, dry areas of America's forest lands can start suddenly, devour and destroy many acres. Above, fire erupts in the brush.

A Ranger, assigned to supervisory task, briefs an enthusiastic, youthful group of fire-fighters before assigning them to particular blaze-battling tasks.

While battling a forest fire that threatens to envelop a sheep ranch in path of the flames, a pumper is used to draw storage pool water.

Modern fire-fighting requires very latest equipment, perfect integration of all elements battling the blaze. Above, a forest Ranger gets right into the thick of smoky brush. Smoke fumes overcome many.

Radio-equipped bulldozers play a prominent part in fighting the forest blazes. They are directed by the helicopter, which continually flies overhead during time blaze is being fought below it on ground.

Smoke-battler Ivan Roland takes time out from hazardous fire-fighting duties to promote long gulp of water from his canteen. Most of the men wear fatigue clothing, including old hats, light lumber jackets.

they hit the Jack Pot!

Here are four young men who are BUCKing their way into national prominence in tough fields

It is a tradition of the Hollywood press agent trade to invent incredible temporal achievements for most of their movie star clients. The prominent 20th-Century-Fox player, CORNEL WILDE, who has just won a $100,000-a-picture-a-year deal for four years, needs no such half-truth publicity. A bona fide fencing master, who was appointed to the US Olympic team in 1936, Cornel was born in New York, attended CCNY briefly. He held jobs as clerk in Macy's basement, ad agency layout man, space salesman for a French newspaper, camp counselor, bit player in Broadway shows, before being signed by 20th-Century-Fox in 1941. One of Hollywood's outstanding linguists, jackpotter Wilde is married to Patricia Knight, an actress he met in a New York booking office in 1936. In his spare time, Wilde likes to fool around with short-story writing and rare steaks.

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The gaunt, Lincolnesque author and playwright, ARTHUR MILLER, is now reaping the financial reward from a play that is so sad, tragic, and morbidly realistic, that legit stage clairvoyants probably wouldn't have given a plugged nickel for its chances before theatregoers were startled out of complacence this year by the message of "Death of A Salesman." "Salesman" has also won raves in England—and this means more cash for Miller, who took a Critics Circle Award in '47 with "All My Sons," later transferred to the screen. A native New Yorker, and graduate of the University of Michigan, Miller has also written "Focus", a suspenseful, pointed novel on anti-Semitism in America. When he is working on a play or story, the 34-year-old Miller prefers the environment that will bring him close to those whose tensions and aspirations he is striving to illustrate. This explains past jobs as waiter, shipfitter, day laborer.

$

DENNIS JAMES, whose refreshing TV approach to pro wrestling helped reconvert that unrefreshing spectacle into a paying proposition, now hits the bell for a cool quarter of a million dollars annually through a seemingly limitless number of video stints. He does about 50 Gs worth of TV sports announcing for DuMont Network, principally in the boxing and grunt-and-groan fields, owns the popular "Okay Mother" TV show, also does the video commercials on ABC's "Stop The Music". Named "Best Sports Announcer of 1948", and generally acknowledged as one of the few wholesome creations of television, Dennis utilizes a marked informality, noise-making gimmicks, and a catching personality to hold the attention of men and women videoglers. A homespun kidder, who is just as apt to talk about the hat perched on the head of a ringside female as he is to describe the action in the ring, James is 32, married.

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At the age of 20, PAUL A. WAGNER was on the University of Chicago faculty. He is now President of Rollins College in Florida—and is barely 31. Undoubtedly the youngest campus prexy in the nation, Wagner is an educator who combines business skill with academic attainment. He was a member of the management team at Bell & Howell, makers of photo equipment, also served on the faculty at Teachers College (Columbia University). He has a master's degree from Yale, and during the war was head of the electrical school at Newport Naval Training Station.

Know any Jackpot candidates? Send us your recommendations for successful young men—and if we are able to use any nominations you make, we'll pay $25. Address all such mail to: Jackpot, c/o Stag, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

everybody loves the

Herman Hickman is the first pro wrestler ever to become head grid coach of an Ivy League college. He's third non-Yale man to hold top Eli sports post.

Jovial, 307-pound Hickman was one-man gang when he played on General Bob Neyland's (left) Tennessee line. Herman coached at Wake Forest, N.C. State.

Poet laureate Herman Hickman's reward for losing to Eli arch-foes Princeton and Harvard—a new contract

WHEN the Yale football team was defeated by both Princeton and Harvard last Fall the 307-pound Eli coach, Herman Hickman, was called in by his superiors.

"About your three-year contract—" began the spokesman.

"Yes—what about it?" queried the one-time All-American from Tennessee, third non-Yale man in sports history ever to coach a Blue team.

"We're tearing up your contract, Herman," roared the official "and—we're making it for five years!"

Herman Hickman has the smile of a cherub, the strength of a dinosaur, the soul of a poet. He is a Southerner of honorable tradition who is proud of the fact that his captain is a Negro, Levi Jackson. Hickman's knowledge of poetry is so profound that he can quote anything from Sophocles to Shakespeare to T. S. Eliot. By the same token, he wrestled 500 times as a pro.

It takes a considerable man to earn a raise from Yale after the team has lost to the arch-enemies, Harvard and Princeton.

The old Blues began to realize what they had bargained for at a little-known meeting in the 21 club before the 1948 season began. Hickman had been hired away from Army where, as line coach, he had developed more All-Americans than perhaps any tutor in sports annals.

"How do you think Blanchard and Davis got all those touchdowns?" Hickman will smile. Privately, he will admit that maybe those two whirlwinds didn't need any line at all.

Before Hickman reached the 21 on this particular evening, he confided to a friend that he had a fund of funny jokes that he would tell. The meeting began and, quick as you could say Ted Coy, the old Blues headed by immortals like General John Reed Kilpatrick, president of Madison Square Garden, were bespeaking the glories of the past. Tears fell.

It was a tense moment when Hickman arose to speak. The friend shuddered, feeling that Herman's planned levity might make him an ex-Yale man even before he became one. Hickman told no jokes, though. To the amazement of the gathering he recited the whole latter half of Tennyson's Ulysses which was remarkably adaptable to the Yale football situation. When he sat down, the old Blues had forgotten the flying wedge and were thinking only of iambic pentameter. Hickman won the day.

Hickman possibly should be banished from the coaches' union as we know it today. He does not work himself into a breakdown; he refuses to perform contortions on the bench; he does not think that the world stands or falls with a football victory. In fact, although he wants intensely to win, he does not want to win in the worst way. After a terrible shellacking by Vanderbilt last Fall, he said amiably,

"I lay me down to bleed awhile—and rise again to fight."

He is such an outstanding line coach that every clinic in the country asks for him. Hickman has his coaching staff meet with him every morning at 6 a. m. When, at the first meeting he called, one fellow ambled in twenty minutes late, Hickman chided,

"There are only two excuses for being late—sickness or death."

When Herman observed Stu Clancy, who is an undertaker in his spare time, smiling he chirped,

"I'm referring to private—not professional death."

Hickman's personality wins him offers that less amiable coaches miss.

After his successfully unsucessful 1948 campaign he was chosen as coach for the North team in the game with the South. As Herman lolled in the $40-a-day cabana of the $100-a-day Miami hotel, smoking a dollar cigar he said to an associate:

"I wonder what other losing coaches are doing on a day like this." The North team bowed—but the promoters could scarcely wait to approach Hickman for a 1950 post. Herman always proves to be more than a coach—he is a big human being, literally and figuratively.

His stories of his fabled grand-pappy are already legendary. Hickman tells of how his grand-dad reacted during the World War II Army maneuvers in the Tennessee hills. After one particularly loud explosion, the venerable Hickman creaked out of the hills, screaming

"I don't care what General Lee says—I'm surrendering."

The truth of the matter is that Hickman's grandfather was a Supreme Court justice in Tennessee and his own father was a brilliant lawyer. Herman, an only child, combined girth with mental competence. He was valedictorian at the Baylor School for Boys. At the age of 14, in competition with fellows

Yale fat man

by alan kerr

up to 19, he won the Barton Declamation Trophy for his recitation contest. At 15, Herman triumphed in the State Oratorical Contest for his speech on Daniel Webster and the Constitution.

Hickman graduated from the University of Tennessee at the ripe old age of 19. His 5'10" frame held 225 pounds of muscle when he demolished an entire half of the New York University line in a charity game held in New York in 1931. Hickman's strength was, and still is, phenomenal.

Steve Owen, the Now York Giants' coach, says, for one, that Hickman is the only man who could ever beat him at Indian wrestling. During Hickman's Army coaching days he scrimmaged so fiercely with Doc Blanchard and the giant lineman De Witt Coulter that Earl Blaik called off the sessions—to save Blanchard and Coulter.

When Hickman got out of school he tried professional football with the Brooklyn Dodgers and was as redoubtable a guard as ever. In order to augment his income in those depression days, the massive Southerner turned wrestling pro and was known as THE TENNESSEE TERROR.

"Ah had 500 wrestling matches," he recalls "and never won the world's title which is quite a feat."

When Hickman came back to his native Johnson City to wrestle, the natives were so enthusiastic and naive about the sport that they even bet on how he would come out against one Blue Sun Jennings. On the afternoon of the match, Hickman discovered to his horror that Blue Sun Jennings was dead drunk in the dressing room.

Since Hickman was paid on percentage and there was a big house, he tried everything to revive old Blue Sun. A couple of attendants finally lugged Blue Sun Jennings to his corner. Hickman bolted out fast to hold him up. He held him up for half an hour, putting on a splendid exhibiton. Finally, Herman could hold him no longer.

"And then I dropped him and finished him with my famous Hickman belly roll," he says.

As Hickman veered from wrestling to coaching—he did fine jobs on the Wake Forest and North Carolina State lines—his weight mounted proportionately. His gastronomical performances surprised even strong men, veteran devourers of fodder like scout Jack Lavelle and Steve Owen. To this day, Hickman has a rare trick when he stays overnight at a hotel. He will order a breakfast of orange juice, three fried eggs, pork sausages, a side order of cereal and coffee.

"And send up the same order for my friend here," he will add.

The friend, of course, is mythical.

Hickman's relationship with his football players is unique. He is one of the family and yet the respect that they hold for the Yale fat man is unbounded. Hickman maps the itinerary for his boys on any trips they take, attending to every detail even to that of meals. Each Monday during the season he will take out a number of the squad for dinner—at his own expense.

For Hickman, money is something to be used. Some football coaches guard their pay like Horatio at the Bridge. They will spend a nickel as easy "as they would throw a manhole cover." Hickman does not reason that way. He was earning $1,000 a week wrestling but he gave it up for the job he loved best. At Yale his salary is $10,000 a year—he turned down several mid-Western, Southern and other Ivy League offers before he quit West Point where he had a good house to live in, a splendid salary, and the prestige of victory.

But Herman had been at Yale for awhile in 1942, helping his old Tennessee coach, General Bob Neyland, prepare a team for an All-Star game. What Hickman saw at Yale convinced him that this was the only college in the country which had a head coaching job that could draw him away from Army.

Hickman knows that at Yale he will be able to draw upon no reserve of professional manpower such as lightens the burden of many a coach. Since Yale concentrates upon its academic standards, with football as an adjunct, Herman tells the alumni as he quests for players,

"Breed 'em and feed 'em. It's shore tough to get 'em in."

Yale, facing its toughest schedule in a decade, with Connecticut, Fordham, Columbia, Cornell, Holy Cross, Dartmouth, Brown, Princeton and Harvard on the list, squared up to the task with 33 lettermen from last year. Captain Levi Jackson's bad knee and the mysterious case of Jim Fuchs would have much to do with the outcome for the 1949 play.

Fuchs, who holds the world shot put record, 58'4", weighs 217 pounds and is so fast that he can run a 100 in 9.8 seconds. The boys don't even like to scrimmage against him because he is so unbelievably strong that he strews bodies right and left.

"I think," said one critic, "that Fuchs could score five touchdowns without any interference against Notre Dame—if he didn't get hurt."

However, Fuchs, for some inexplicable reason, has brittle bones. The one superman Hickman has at Yale fractures too easily upon contact.

Yale, with Fuchs intact, could be tremendous; without Fuchs, it may still turn out to be more than adequate.

Hickman, married 17 years to his beautiful, petite wife, Helen, lives in a New Haven hotel. The Hickmans were heartbroken over the death last season of their pet chihuahua which Herman would put is his pocket when he went to the movies. The Hickmans have been reconciled to the loss since they have taken over the rearing of the present Yale bulldog, Handsome Dan VII.

Hickman's theory of how to keep a coaching job is simple. He told it at a testimonial to Norm Daniels of Wesleyan, unbeaten in 23 straight at the conclusion of the 1948 campaign.

"Now if Norm loses one, it's bad," Hickman pointed out. "Up at Yale ah started out with four wins and five losses. Next year I'll lose one less. Then one less after that. Watch me the year my contract is up!"

And then jovial Herman Hickman remarked significantly.

"Mah object is to keep the alumni sullen—but not mutinous."

That's just what the Yale poet-philosopher-wrestler-coach does, too. Only the alumni seem to like it.

Hickman tried pro football as guard for Brooklyn Dodgers in 1933 (below), then entered grunt-and-groan grind billed as The Tennessee Terror. He had 500 pro matches.

Powerhouse lines built at Army by Hickman earned him his chance at New Haven. Yale players have great respect and admiration for elephantine tutor who is expert raconteur, poet in leisure time.

trailing the WHITE-TAILED DEER

A veteran of the exciting outdoor pastime tells how deer can out-slick careless hunters

by ray trullinger

A VETERAN Maine game warden once summed up in a few words the reason only one deer hunter in six returns with a whitetail's carcass decorating his jalopy's fenders.

"It ain't that a deer is smarter than a man," he observed. "It's just that the animal makes better use of its physical and mental equipment."

What he meant, of course, was that a deer's natural caution and sagacity, plus super-keen hearing, a marvelous sense of smell, and eyesight as good or better than the average man's, more often than not offset the hunter's alleged brain superiority. Those great bucks with the coveted heads don't stay alive season after season because they're stupid, or because they're lucky. When one is killed, it's usually by some smart geezer who knows what he's doing, or by some individual who got the break of a lifetime, and made the most of his perhaps undeserved opportunity.

Actually, fuzzy thinking accounts for more unsuccessful deer hunts than inaccurate shooting, although few deer hunters ever admit being guilty of a mental lapse. Hunting boners usually are laughed off, or cussed off, as "bad luck." It might be bad luck to have a hunt ended by a broken arm or twisted ankle, but to miss an opportunitiy because of an unloaded rifle, or for some other equally silly reason, can hardly be charged off to misfortune.

Most deer-hunting boners, including those which end in whistle-stop hospitals and morgues every fall, stem from over-imagination and a disposition to take things for granted. As an example of this last, consider the unusual case which bobbed up in a northeastern state last season:

A hunter saw a sudden flash of white just ahead in brushy cover and assumed he was looking at the rear end of a fleeing whitetail. It was a rear end, all right, but it didn't happen to be a deer's. The result was that the victim, another hunter, took a soft-point .30-30 through the buttocks, which fortunately didn't kill him, but which did him no good whatsoever. He just happened to be flourishing a handful of toilet paper at the wrong time. Obviously, it takes considerable imagination to mistake a squatting man for a running deer, but such idiocies occur every season in the deer woods, as any country doctor or game warden will testify.

Within the past few seasons this writer has blown at least three setup shots at truly magnificent bucks. In every instance a mental lapse of some sort was involved—not one could be attributed to inexperience or "bad luck." It simply happened that my wits were woolgathering when they should have been functioning with some slight degree of intelligence. The standout episode involved mistaking a buck for a man, which happens to be a reversal of an all too familiar story. It came about something as follows:

Last November I was hunting a hardwood ridge with two companions. It was—and is—great deer country. Near its crest, in a spot which commanded an excellent view of the slope below, two deer trails joined. The three of us stopped there for a breather and to look over the situation. Obviously, it was a made-to-order place to bushwhack a deer.

DO NOT WEAR

1. Anything red.
2. Anything white.
3. Fur Head Covering.

Wear 100% wool clothing—and keep it as inconspicuous as possible. Your state laws may specify red for "safety" but most of the guys who are carried out of the woods in a blanket every Fall are wearing red shirts. White is just as dangerous, and above all don't carry any white handkerchiefs half hanging out of a pocket.

End of a perfect day of deer-hunting finds delighted hunters crouched beside campfire in front of healthy-looking buck specimens. About one deer-seeker in six will return with similar prize.

"You'd be smart to stick around here for a while," one of my companions whispered. "There isn't a better spot on this ridge to see a deer. Park yourself over there under that jack fir for an hour or so, while Acey and I scout around. We could spook something real fancy your way."

Smart still-hunting, contrary to popular belief, isn't a woodsy marathon. It's a slow, quiet prowl, broken by watchful stops. When you're moving through the woods, a watchful deer has the big edge. And make no mistake, a buck always is on the alert except, perhaps, when smitten by that autumnal love madness. When a deer is moving and you're watching, silent and motionless, the advantage is all on your side.

I took a comfortable sitting position beneath the evergreens, my rifle across my knees, as Lloyd and Acey faded away through the hardwoods. A glance around disclosed something I hadn't noticed before. About 50 yards to my right a rocky "bench," well screened by brush and small firs, jutted out on the slope of the ridge. It was exactly the sort of place an old buck would choose for a daytime hideout. An intruder moving in from any direction could be detected with ease, and as easily eluded.

All this occurred to me in a vague sort of way, and once I almost decided to cross over and examine the spot. But I didn't, mainly because the beech leaves underfoot were dry and noisy and I was reluctant to advertise my presence by moving around. So I sat beneath the fir, quietly on the alert. That was boner No. 1. I should have looked.

Time passed and soon the hour's vigil was up. My companions were due to return. And then a red squirrel scolded, somewhere behind me and to my right.

Now, when a squirrel sounds off in the deer woods and you're reasonably certain the little tattletale isn't cussing you out, it's smart to keep your eyes peeled. It can be that the animal's annoyance is inspired by the appearance of a hated rival, a prowling fox, or another guy with a rifle. Then again it might be something you'd give your eyeteeth to shoot.

My error—the second in an hour—was in taking it for granted the squirrel was announcing my returning companions. It didn't occur to me until too late that it could be something else. So instead of standing up and facing the other way, ready for a quick shot, I continued to sit there like a dope, with an occasional glance backward.

Then, during one of those backward glances, I caught a flicker of movement. From where I sat it looked like a man, advancing slowly behind thick, screening brush. I stood up and stretched lazily, expecting Lloyd or Acey to materialize from behind the brushy screen. A second or two

later, and before I could pull myself together or recover from my astonishment, a great, grizzled buck stepped across an opening in the trees and silently vanished from sight. The Old Man of the high ridge, who'd been spooked from his hideout by our arrival, had sneaked back home.

The question then was whether to stay put and hope the unsuspecting buck eventually would show himself, or attempt to jump the animal by sneaking across the space that separated us—perhaps no more than 50 or 60 yards. The dry, noisy beech leaves discouraged the latter notion. I still had a slim advantage, and didn't propose to toss it away by revealing my presence. There still was a chance the buck would step out somewhere and provide a shot, or come my way when the boys returned.

Neither happened and a half-hour later Lloyd appeared, obviously excited.

"I just jumped a helluva big buck," he announced. "Heard him but didn't see him. You didn't see him, did you?"

"Yeah," I replied. "I saw him. Just a little fellow. Probably didn't weigh over 240 and he was carrying 10 or 12 points, I couldn't tell which. Let's go back to camp and have a drink, but before we start would you mind giving me a lusty kick right where it will do the most good?" Then I told him what had happened, and his subsequent comments, all unprintable and definitely uncomplimentary, need not be detailed here.

In many sections of the whitetail's range the organized deer "drive" is the accepted—and often preferred—hunting method. It's popular for the twin reasons that it produces deer, and, at least on the part of the watcher, requires no experience or exertion other than ability to load, aim and discharge a rifle or shotgun. It's hunting of sorts, but as the guy said, "it ain't art."

This game can be played with a few or many. In some instances mobs of 40 to 50 men participate, half or more of whom "drive," while the others "watch." The idea, of course, is to spook lurking deer from their haunts and get them out where a "watcher" can get an open shot. Some hilariously funny doings often result, if you consider dodging whistling rifle bullets and buckshot charges an amusing pastime.

I recall one episode several seasons ago in New York's Adirondack Mountains which left me weak, although not entirely from laughter. A young buck ran down a line of watchers as the drive closed in and at least six ambitious but wild-shooting characters emptied their rifle magazines at the frightened animal. Two "drivers," contrary to generally accepted rules of the game, also decided to get into the act. That fouled up the situation beautifully and this Leatherstocking, who is allergic to whistling lead and cupro-nickel, prudently hit the dirt.

JUST about the time the firing died away and several unnerved "drivers" were emerging from protective cover, the confused and still uninjured buck reversed the field and ran the gauntlet again. This time everybody with paid-up insurance did his bit for the ammunition manufacturers and when the deer finally made its getaway all hands agreed it was the most exciting bloodless battle in history.

While the greenest beginner often gets a shot and sometimes kills his deer on a drive, he seldom has any "luck" on a still-hunt. Successful still-hunting calls for a good knowledge of deer habits, terrain, and that all-round proficiency which only comes of experience. To hunt down, out-fox and flatten one of those old busters with the 10 and 12-point racks is a real and difficult achievement, and something which carries a degree of personal satisfaction the drive shooter never experiences.

Popular belief is that snow makes the business of tracking down a buck easy. It doesn't, although a fresh fall of fluff will help a couple of veterans who know the country they're hunting, and how to operate as a team. A lone man who tries to follow and shoot a deer in the snow usually gets plenty of healthful exercise but nothing else, barring a lucky break. The reason is that a buck soon discovers he's being trailed, circles, and watches his back track. The hunter never catches up.

Two men operating as a team often can get results. One man follows the deer's tracks at a leisurely pace, while the other keeps well out on either side and ahead of his companion, the idea being to sight the pursued animal but not be seen. If successful, this maneuver permits "cutting in" and very likely a setup shot, while the animal's attention is focused on the trailing hunter.

An old snow merely discloses a confusing maze of tracks, and little information the experienced hand doesn't already know. However, a snowfall does help the hunter in other ways. Deer stand out like the proverbial sore thumb against the white background, and there's never any reason to lose a paunched animal with snow on the ground. The blood trail can be easily followed, something that's difficult to do over reddish, autumn leaves.

Countless deer are wasted annually because hunters too often are disposed to think they missed when there is no visible evidence of a hit. It sometimes happens a deer gives little indication of being drilled, but a careful examination of the ground where the animal was standing or running when the shot was fired will disclose whether or not the bullet connected.

A rifle bullet always cuts tufts of hair, and an experienced hand often can determine with reasonable accuracy from what part of the deer the hair was clipped. If hair is found, with bits of suet adhering to it, there's no doubt about the animal's being hit. If there's hair, and an occasional droplet of darkish blood along the animal's fleeing trail, a paunch shot is indicated and right there it's smart to discontinue any further search for at least 30 minutes. If unpursued, chances are the deer will lie down within 200 yards or less and never get up.

Bright red splashes of blood indicate serious arterial bleeding. Tracking down such animals seldom is difficult. It's the poorly placed paunch shot, or the bullet that breaks a leg, which permits the animal to elude less determined or perhaps lazy hunters.

One of the most unique and at the same time productive deer-hunting techniques was developed years ago by a Maine friend, and I would be remiss in my duty to this gazette's clientele if I failed to report it. The guy's method is based on the theory that it's silly for a hunter to use his legs, considering that a deer has four of them, all well muscled.

His method is one of complete simplicity. Before sallying forth, he first buy a dollar's worth of comic books, and sees to it his wife whips up a proper lunch, including a thermos of hot coffee. He then takes his departure, finds a likely spot well protected from chill winds and hot lead, and settles down to a quiet session of nature contemplation and mind improvement. If the day is cold, he carefully wraps his gams in a blanket.

Less ingenious hunters plod their weary way past his field of view, small animals and birds visit his ambush, but our hero pays them scant attention. He's either with the men from Mars, Flash Gordon or Dick Tracy, until what he's looking for intrudes on his woodsy privacy. When that moment comes, his rifle rips the silence, there's a brief thrashing nearby, and later there's fried deer liver on his supper table.

Three seasons ago, after returning with a plump buck, he was heard to complain bitterly about non-cooperative deer.

"I had to sit out there almost three days this time before I saw what I wanted," he griped. "But I certainly got caught up on my reading."

Natural caution of deer, plus excellent hearing, keen sense of smell, eyesight as good or better than average man's, helps offset hunter's brain superiority.

STAG author Ray Trullinger, shown in hunting pose and with antlers of record bull moose, is well-known Scripps-Howard outdoors writer.

EQUIPMENT TIPS

Weapon: Any rifle you can aim accurately. Provided it isn't anything with less than a .30-30 punch. Recommended are the .30-30, .32 Special, .300 Savage and .35 Remington, in lever, slide or automatic actions.

Compass and Map: Particularly when in unfamiliar territory. If it's an overcast day, with a rapidly dropping temperature, and there's a threat of snow, get out of the woods and back to camp.

Trinkets: Such as camera, a length of strong cord, extra matches, lunch, spare cartridges, windbreaker, binoculars, etc., should be carried in a small packsack slung between the shoulder blades. Don't forget to pack along sulfa powder and a roll of surgical adhesive tape.

movie magician

ALONG with the legends that are hallowed in Hollywood, are the tales of its boy wonders. In the past, whenever hoary-headed producers had become as weary and sad as Saul and their movies stale and unprofitable, in strolled a downy-cheeked David humming a song of hope, alive with ideas and energy, restoring the faith of the ancient film makers who had believed that all was lost in their lotus land on the Pacific.

Among the first was young Irving Thalberg, a slim, dark flame whose genius is still remembered. And then into town hiked Howard Hughes, carrying over his shoulder a knapsack filled with gold. Mervyn LeRoy was next, born into the industry and serving it as a director as soon as he was out of his infancy. The early '40's brought that perennial lad, Orson Welles, who arrived amidst the booming of his own boyish ballyhoo. The latest "boy wonder" of Hollywood is a youngster named Stanley Kramer, who has used startling, unorthodox methods to produce two smash-hit films, "Champion" and "Home Of The Brave".

At thirty-five, Kramer's age, an actor in Hollywood is considered old, a screen-writer, middle-aged and a producer, a boy and if successful, a wonder. To completely qualify as a BW, a producer should also look ten years younger than he actually is. Kramer does. He has the face of a schoolboy, thin, with dark, serious eyes and his body is slender and paunchless.

An ex-screen writer, researcher, film cutter and laborer on the backlot "swing gang" at Fox, Kramer was a young man going nowhere as late as May of 1947. In less than two years, he had completed two pictures and was rushing another toward the wire in competition with such top-flight, veteran producers as Darryl Zanuck and Louis DeRochemont.

Zanuck had purchased a story about prejudice against Negroes called "No Way Out" and DeRochemont was preparing a movie on the same theme called "Lost Boundaries" when young Kramer locked the doors of a sound stage and set about to beat them to the punch. The swift moving Stan shot his picture in twenty-four days, got it into the theaters across the nation and caught Darryl and Louis with their cameras still rolling, their desks cluttered with raves on Kramer's "Home Of The Brave."

To do the impossible—even for a boy wonder—Kramer had to operate in a cloak-and-dagger fashion that was fabulous even for Hollywood. He started his cameras whirring before he owned the rights to the film he was making! His entire unit, crew, technicians and actors were working furiously while producer Kramer was negotiating with an agent for the rights to "Home Of The Brave", which had been a Broadway play.

"If that involved deal had fallen through," Kramer grinned, "you'd be looking at the most ridiculous schnook in the history of picture making."

Making the movie was a gamble all the way. Even the idea to do it began with a bet. Kramer was midway through his shooting schedule on "Champion" when he got into an argument one day on the set with his screen writer, Carl Foreman. They were discussing "Home Of The Brave" on which Kramer had once had an option. Foreman maintained that a poem recited in the play had been written by the playright, Arthur Laurents. Kramer bet him five dollars that it had been written by a girl, whose name he could not recall.

"I went home that night and looked it up," he said. "The poem had been written by a girl named Eve Merriam. I began to browse through the play again when suddenly the idea of changing the theme of it from one involving anti-Semitism to anti-Negro prejudice hit me. I stayed up most of the night working on it."

On the set the next morning, Kramer collected on his bet with Foreman and sent him home to work on the screenplay of "Home Of The Brave". The enthusiastic screen writer rapped out a final shooting script in three weeks time. He brought it to Kramer and director, Mark Robson, during the last few days of shooting on "Champion."

An ex-screenwriter, researcher, film-cutter and "swing gang" laborer, Kramer appeared headed nowhere as late as May, 1947. Since then he's successfully locked horns with top movie producers.

An hour after he had read the screenplay, Kramer began preparing it for production. "My goal," he explained, "was to have the completed film in the can and ready for shipment before anyone on the outside knew about it."

To attempt to make a movie in absolute secrecy in a town noted for its nosiness is a preposterous premise. But Kramer knew that speed and camouflage and a miracle or two were what he would need to finish ahead of his highly-geared major studio rivals. If they got wind of his secret, in the language of show business, he was dead.

Kramer owned a property called "High Noon", a western. Pretending this was the story he planned to film, he began interviewing actors. He bypassed their agents, talked to the actors directly. This antagonized the ten-percenters, who believed that the producer was attempting some sort of swindle or was trying to cut their actor's price. The thespians Kramer interviewed thought they were being considered for a high class horse opera. Those he signed—seven in all—he swore to silence. Even their contracts read they were being hired for "High Noon".

The switch from the last take on "Champion" to the first shot on "Home Of The Brave" was made almost before the crew had time to take a deep breath. Kramer stationed two studio cops in front of a sound stage at Motion Picture Center and sneaked his actors in the back gate. James Edwards, the young Negro actor who is starred in the picture, came through the gate as a member of the set gang.

Not a single member of the cast was allowed to leave the sound stage from the time they were locked in until the day's shooting was done. Lunch was served in the "jungle", the heavily foliaged set on which they worked. The entire crew was also sworn to secrecy. Kramer averaged three speeches a day on that subject. "It got so they wouldn't even talk to each other about the picture," he smiled.

Strangely enough, it was not the Hollywood columnists or newspaper people who presented the most threat to Kramer's secret. It was the agents. They did everything but hammer on the door of the sound stage in their concern and curiosity about what was happening inside to their clients. One of them cornered Kramer one morning as he was entering the studio.

turns DIMES to DOLLARS

by jack sher

Now that Stanley Kramer's weird methods have produced two "hits" he's a full-fledged Boy Wonder

"Where's my actor?" he demanded.

"We're talking things over," Kramer said.

"He hangs around here all day," the agent said, suspiciously. "Is he working?"

"I'll tell you when we go into production," Kramer said, nervously. "Meanwhile, forget it."

Using a technique worked out in "Champion", the actors rehearsed every scene in the picture with the full crew working but no film in the camera. While this was going on, Kramer was feverishly trying to come to terms with Arthur Laurents' agent for the purchase of "Home Of The Brave". On February 9th, when the actual shooting began, Kramer still did not own the rights to the play his director was putting on film. Almost a week later, he was finally able to buy the property for $50,000. Not a word of the deal leaked out to the newspapers, not even to the film industry's trade papers.

The movie was almost half finished when the Dramatists Guild in New York informed Kramer that they were in disagreement on eighteen points in the contract he had signed for the play. The harassed producer flew to New York and settled the disputed points with the guild. The contract was approved.

While he was there, his New York lawyer reminded him that they did not have the right to use Eve Merriam's poem, an integral part of the play and screenplay, without her permission.

"I left the lawyer to settle it and flew back to Hollywood," Kramer sighed, reliving the nightmare, "knowing that a few lines of poetry might have held up the entire picture."

Miss Merriam finally agreed to sell them the right to use her poetry and "Home Of The Brave" at long last belonged to Screen Plays Corporation, Kramer's company. Meanwhile, Kramer was making the final cuts on each day's "rushes", an unheard of execution in film making. Dimitri Tiomkin had also departed from standard operating procedure for Hollywood composers by writing the entire score for the picture while it had been in the rehearsal stage. One week after the last "take" had been made, the movie was completely scored!

On February 24th, the New York Times carried a story stating that Screen Plays Corp. had bought the film rights to "Home Of The Brave" and would put it into production immediately. There was no mention in the news story about switching the theme from its original one of anti-Semitism. That same day, a Hollywood columnist wrote that "High Noon" was about to go before the cameras. At that time, director Robson was just four days away from delivering the final shot of the picture to Kramer.

"When he did, I realized that I had been a one hundred percent dope," Kramer said. "The film had to be sent to central laboratory for processing. About 600 outside people would be in on my secret!"

Kramer tucked the can of film under his arm and took it to the laboratory in person. There he made an impassioned speech to the lab workers, begging them not to reveal the content of his movie. His pitch must have been as stirring as his picture, because not a whisper about it was heard on the streets of Hollywood until it had been processed, dubbed, scored and was ready for its first preview audience.

The first print of "Home Of The Brave" reached New York on April 6th, less than two months from the time the cameras began turning on the locked sound stage. It became not only the first movie made in absolute secrecy, but the first based on discrimination against Negroes and the first full length motion picture completed in less than two months.

The New York movie critics who had punched out praise for "Champion", dragged out their main event adjectives to laud the young producer's latest achievement, their opinion being that it was one of the greatest films of recent years. Jimmy Fidler suggested that the young Negro actor, James Edwards, should be considered for an Academy Award.

Now the most highly independent of the independent producers, Kramer has stubbornly refused offers from the many major studios who want to hire him, subsidize him, borrow him, or have him "just come in and have a talk". They want him for two simple reasons. He makes exciting pictures. He makes the dime do the work of a dollar. "Home Of The Brave" was made for $525,000, about a third of the cost of an average "A" picture.

"The offers from big studios make me a little jumpy at times," Kramer revealed. "They use an enticing come-on. They say, 'Why knock your brains out raising money to make pictures? Come with us and we'll put up all you need.' But I haven't been aced into it yet. I like being my own boss, in spite of its headaches."

Kramer is no stranger to the migraine suffered in promoting money for an independent production. During his first venture, on a movie called "This Is New York", everything happened to him that shouldn't happen to an independent producer, but always does. He learned that an "indie" producer's most valuable gift is one of gab.

"You become a promotional jackal," Kramer said, with a grimace. "You deal in half truths and everyone knows it. You operate like a pitchman with one eye on the lookout for the cop. You start with nothing but an option on a property. You need money from a bank. You need individual backers to guarantee the loan and "end money" in the form of completion bonds, which assure the bank that the picture will be completed. You need a star, actors, various talent. You run from one to another of these groups, trying to con each into believing the others have already signed with you. It's like having eight balloons floating on the ceiling. You finally get all the strings together, give a big yank and pray they all come down together."

On his first time out, in making "This Is New York", the balloons kept coming down one at a time. Kramer had an option on two of the late Ring Lardner's yarns, "Big Town" and "Champion." He gathered around him a tight little staff, squeezed them into a closet-sized office he had promoted at Nassour Studios. The group consisted of two screen writers, a director, a technician, Kramer and a girl secretary.

"They were all on deferment," Kramer said, "that is, they would get paid if and after we completed a picture. There were six of us and four typewriters in a space the size of a fat man's hat. Whenever a potential backer arrived for an appointment with me, the others would hi-tail it out and roam around the halls until I was through trying to promote him."

In spite of his shoestring set-up, Kramer managed to wheedle some money from a backer, get the promise of a bank loan and "end money". Preparations to produce "This Is New York"

Studying plans for new sets are Kramer (left) with Clem Beauchamp, production manager, and Vice-President George Glass. Sought after by major studios, Kramer prefers being his own boss.

dimes to dollars

continued

began. Writers Carl Foreman and Herb Baker polished up their screenplay. Director Fleisher began planning his shooting schedule. Carpenters started hammering on sets and Kramer flew to New York and signed radio comedian, Henry Morgan, to play the lead in the picture.

"The day before we were ready to roll, the end money fell out," Kramer said. "The bank then reneged on their loan and we were left holding a large chunk of nothing. We held a meeting in the cubbyhole office that night. Somebody brought a bottle. We passed it around. No decisions were reached."

The following week, the perseverant Kramer had the coals glowing again. He talked Enterprise Pictures into backing his movie for fifty percent of the profit. "This Is New York" was scheduled to go into production on September 29, 1947. It was Stan's birthday. It was also the day the British decided to slap their 75% tax on Hollywood films. Movie exec's were tying oranges around their neck and wading into the Pacific. The gloom in Hollywood was so thick you couldn't see the smog.

The president of Enterprise called Kramer into his office and told him that the picture would have to be called off unless a third of the planned cost of production could be cut. Kramer took Foreman and Fleisher to the small shack he has on the beach at Malibu and in one week end they rewrote the picture, whacking $185,000 off the budget. "This Is New York" finally saw the dark of a projection room.

"It got pretty fair reviews," Kramer said, "but I feel it was a miss. It was a satire and, as George S. Kaufman once said, satire is what closes Saturday night. I'm still fond of the picture. It was an attempt to do something different. We weren't competing with the slick and easy stuff the major studios turn out. We tried to push ideas instead of buttons."

Unlike most Hollywood producers, Kramer is inclined to be more critical of his hits than his misses. Although the reviews on "Champion" and "Home Of The Brave" were chocked with hurrahs, he will go into great detail in telling about scenes in both of these movies that have made him wince and sequences he wishes he could shoot over in a different way.

For the things that do not satisfy him in his pictures, Kramer takes the complete blame. He is not an "office" producer. He takes off his coat and pounds a typewriter with the writers. He goes over every scene with the director and, having had three years experience in the cutting room at MGM, he does all of the snipping on his movies. His personality is imprinted on every foot of film turned out by Screen Plays Corporation.

The palm country opinions about this newest young man of the movies runs the gamut of description. He has been called shrewd, lucky, ambitious, a dreamer, an upstart, a genius, hardheaded, romantic, unprincipled and idealistic. Being young, energetic and mortal, he is undoubtedly all of these things. Combining a couple of the above adjectives used at various times to describe Kramer, he seems to be a practical idealist, if such a creature exists.

It is customary for anyone who enjoys a modicum of success in Hollywood to carry on like a professional weep about the horrors of the place. The swimming pools of Bel Air and Beverly Hills are filled each morning with the tears of well paid movie people who have been chained to their luxurious ranch type houses and forced to spend their nights sampling the expensive mouthwash at Ciro's. Kramer is not so gauche as to admit that he likes Hollywood, but his disapproval is mild.

"I've never particularly cared for Hollywood," he said. "But I like to make movies and it is the best place to make them."

He does not belong to any of the glittering groups that make up Hollywood's social life. Movie stars do not call him by his first name. He has not been romantically linked with rising young actresses and he does not go to night clubs. His close friends are those he works with daily in his company. He lives in a small apartment in Hollywood with his mother, plays tennis on a public court and, when he is able, he relaxes in his one room shack on the beach.

It is almost certain that Stanley Kramer will never produce a musical. He has had a phobia about the human voice raised in song, ever since a teacher at the DeWitt Clinton High School in New York bawled him out publicly for throwing an entire assembly off pitch by singing in a loud monotone. "Move your lips, but don't let me hear another peep out of you!" the teacher admonished the embarrassed boy.

That year, Stanley Kramer was twelve years old and a freshman in high school. He was born in the beautiful borough of Brooklyn (paid advertisement) on September 29, 1913. His mother, Mildred Kramer, divorced her husband when Stanley was a year old, moved across the river and got a job as a secretary in the New York offices of Paramount.

Although Mrs. Kramer worked for the movie company during most of the time her son was going through school, she had no influence on his eventually getting into the picture business. Neither did his uncle, Earl Kramer, who was then general sales manager for Universal, where Stan had a job on Saturdays as a messenger boy. His interest during high school was in ball players and

For his next feature, "The Men," which will be about wounded war veterans, Kramer spent major part of last summer in the Birmingham General Hospital where he gathered background material.

During a lull in production, Kramer talks over scene with Marilyn Maxwell, who co-starred with Kirk Douglas in the box-office hit, "Champion."

Kramer, seated on bed, brought his staff along on several occasions while preparing "The Men." With him, here, are Director Fred Zimmerman, left, and screenwriter Carl Foreman, second from right. Others in photo are Dr. Bors, head of the paraplegic section, and patients John Russell and Herbert Wolf.

financiers.

When young Kramer was in his senior year at DeWitt Clinton, the now extinct *New York World* offered a $50 prize to the high school student who could write the best article on the subject of "The Biggest News Of The Week." Kramer won it. He can still recite the lead sentence of that piece, which read, "with a 497,000 vote plurality smile, which bade fare to rival his famous welcoming affability, Mayor Jimmy Walker took the oath of office today."

The *World* sent one of its reporters to interview the 14-year-old contest winner. The first question Stanley was asked was what he wanted to become.

"An international banker," the boy replied positively.

Kramer entered New York University at the age of fifteen, was graduated with a BA in Commerce at nineteen. While in college, he became interested in the theater, spent more money for balcony seats to Broadway shows than he did on text books. He also began to write for the *NYU Medley*. The words he strung together for this college publication were noticed by someone in the story department at Fox and he was offered a job as a junior screenwriter.

"Two days after I graduated," Kramer recalled, "I was on a train a hundred miles out of Chicago, headed west, scared and wondering how long it would take them to find out that I didn't know anything about writing."

It took Fox just three months to come to the conclusion Stan had feared, during which time they paid him ninety dollars a week. This was in 1933. The banks were folding with frightening frequency, the Blue Eagle was battling for supremacy over the breadlines and 3.2 beer was beginning to flow freely. Kramer tramped Hollywood looking for a job. He was finally taken back at Fox, but this time they gave him a pair of overalls instead of a typewriter. He was hired by the property department to work on the "swing gang" at twenty-two dollars a week.

"I figured it was a break," he smiled. "I thought I'd be able to watch them make movies while I worked. I'd learn the business. For the first two weeks I was stuck way out in the boondocks on the backlot unloading animals for a jungle picture. After that, I worked mostly at night, moving furniture off sets, laying rugs, pushing scenery around. I never saw a camera in action or heard an actor read a line."

WORKING on the swing gang with Kramer was a youngster his own age, Mark Robson, who fifteen years later was to direct "Champion" and "Home Of The Brave" for him. Kramer's job lasted several months, then he hit the streets again. An interview with a producer named Harry Rapf landed him in the research department at MGM, where he worked for seven months. He did research on "David Copperfield", his job being the finding of historical plates from which costumes could be copied. His boss, Natalie Bucknall, helped him wangle a transfer to the cutting department.

Those on the inside of picture making know that it is often the cutter who makes or wrecks a movie. Wise, cynical, unsung, it is the cutting room gangs who are the core of the industry. Kramer stuck at that post for three years, learned the invaluable technique of film editing, developed a sense of timing, learned how to get tempo into scenes and sequences. He became a top cutter.

He made the switch from the cutting room to an asistant to Jack Herzog, then head of the shorts department at Metro. He wrote and edited short films and finally quit to see what he could do on his own. Nobody in the major studios wanted him. He made the rounds of the "grapefruit circuit", picked up a dollar here and there working in various capacities on quickies, grade B to Z movies.

"I didn't make a living, but I managed to live," Kramer related. "I tried everything, even radio writing, in which I had a streak of luck for a short time. I teamed up with a girl writer named Vivian Cosby and we wrote some Lux Theater shows and then I did a few of the 'Big Town' programs for Edward G. Robinson."

By then, the film-making fever was flowing through Kramer's bloodstream and radio was merely a means to keep him going until a picture studio would open its gates again to him. When Al Lewin and David Loew formed an independent producing unit, they hired Kramer as an assistant producer. He worked on "So Ends Our Night", starring Margaret Sullavan and "Moon and Sixpence", which had George Sanders in the lead.

With the experience of these two jobs behind him, the then twenty-eight-year-old Kramer decided that he had learned enough to try to produce a picture alone. He got an option on "Landfall", a book by Neville Shute, and began trying to drum up money for his movie. Uncle Sam tapped him on the shoulder as he came out of the revolving door of a bank one day and led him to the Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth, where he was measured for a tan toga.

After basic training, Kramer was shipped to the Army's film unit at Astoria, Long Island, where he was put in charge of making certain GI movies, chiefly the Army-Navy Screen Magazine. It was at Astoria that Kramer also met the two young screen writers that now work for him, Carl Foreman and Herbert Baker.

When he was discharged from service in 1945, ex-lieutenant Kramer decided that he would not return to Hollywood. Working in the vicinity of Broadway, he had become theater-struck again and had started writing a play. While in the Army, he had also collaborated on a radio show called 'The FBI In Peace And War", with an established scripter named Don Ettinger. Kramer planned to continue radio writing and finish his play.

"But I met a man with money who wanted to make movies and I was a goner again," Kramer said. "The man was Armand Deutsch and he and I and a publicist named Hal Horne formed a company. We took an option on "Home Of The Brave", which we subsequently lost, and also optioned "This Side Of Innocence" by Taylor Caldwell." (*Continued on page* 60)

Government-Sponsored HOUSING FAILURE

(*Continued from page* 18)

Gunderson to testify when it reviewed the RFC's lending policies. The RFC director assured the Senator that the agency would not "go beyond the point where we are satisfied it (the Lustron project) will not work."

At present, Congress is considering two bills that will have a very definite effect on the RFC's lending ability. The Senate Banking and Currency Committee is holding hearings on a bill that would increase the agency's general lending authority from $2,500,000,000 to $5,000,000,000 (B). On the House side of Capitol Hill, the Lower Chamber's Banking and Currency Committee has under consideration a bill that, among other things, would increase from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 the amount of money the RFC could have outstanding at any one time in prefabricated housing loans.

The reason the agency now has more than $50,000,000 of loans on prefabricated housing projects outstanding was explained by Mr. Dyas. The second loan that Lustron received was for $10,000,000. It was made under the RFC's general lending authority and was not a part of housing policy, he stated.

Lustron received its first loan of $15,500,000 from the RFC on June 30, 1947, under Sections 5 (D) (2), of the national defence provisions of the RFC Act. This provided authorization for the agency to "make loans to, and purchase the obligations of, any business enterprise . . . advantageous to the national defense."

Representative Cole pointed out that there was no directive in that statute that authorized the RFC to "*experiment in housing.*"

The Congressman said that as he interpreted the RFC executive's remark it meant that "if it works, it is good; and if it does not, it is just an experiment to be written off." "Is that correct?" he asked.

"Yes," Mr. Dyas replied.

Attempting to explain further the reasons behind making the first loan, the RFC executive emphasized that to the agency it apparently appeared to be a question of doing something to house returning veterans after the war. For that reason the RFC considered it a national defense loan.

"May I say to you," Congressman Cole stated, "that I hope that the RFC in the future does not interpret the statutes for authorization as liberally and as broadly as in this case."

After Lustron received its first loan and was set up in business, it applied for and received five subsequent loans totalling $20,000,000. The corporation pays 4 per cent interest on all the money it received from the RFC.

It received its second loan for $10,000,000 on July 9, 1948, and the others as follows: $7,000,000 on Feb. 14, 1949; $1,000,000 on June 30, 1949; $1,000,000 on July 11, 1949; and $1,000,000 on July 28, 1949.

The loan of $15,500,000 is due on Oct. 31, 1954, but the balance of the loans are due before the end of the year. The $7,000,000 loan is due on Sept. 1; the three $1,000,000 loans on Sept. 5, Sept. 13, and Sept. 27, respectively; and the $10,000,000 loan on Oct. 1.

The FHA-guaranteed Bailey Home, in a Long Island development, is a house of conventional design priced at $6,990, with monthly payments around $50.

With the Strandlund outfit in the red to the tune of over $14 million, it is hard to believe they can meet these deadlines. Lustron's president, a former $100,000 a year vice president and general manager of the Vitreous Enamel Products Company, Chicago, disclosed that he had virtually no cash included in the corporation. His investment, he told the Congressman, included his engineering skill, patents on the house, and $1,000 in cash.

In return for his investment, the persuasive little executive received 86,000 shares of the no par value Class B stock of the corporation. Held jointly with his wife, these shares give them the majority of the voting privileges of Lustron.

Representative Cole told Mr. Strandlund: "To me that does not sound right. I want your explanation."

Lustron's president assured him that the stock would not be "worth very much until we pay the RFC back, so let's not worry too much about that."

"Of course, if the experiment works, that (stock) might be worth a lot of money," the Congressman reminded him. He added: "I think there is some criticism due a Government agency not to require additional private capital in the company before the investment was made."

Another 84,000 shares of Lustron's $10 par value Class A stock were sold for $840,000 to his friends, Mr. Strandlund informed the committee. "I think that is the way everyone wanted it because I was the designer and developer of the house and had the experience to put such a thing together," he added. The balance of Lustron's funds were supplied by the Government.

Apparently there was a time when the RFC did not consider Lustron worthy of a loan. When the corporation filed its first loan application the agency hesitated to commit itself. This reluctance on the part of the RFC resulted in a letter from the White House which was written by John R. Steelman, assistant to President Truman. Rep. Cole read part of this letter into the record.

Mr. Steelman stated that he shared the RFC's concern over the "relatively small private financial participation in the undertaking." "However," he added, "I am greatly impressed by the fact that, according to expert advice, production by Lustron would make a real contribution toward meeting the housing deficit during the coming two years, and would have the important long-term implications in the Lustron method of mass production."

The President's assistant went on to say that he believed the RFC would be "fully justified" in approving the Lustron loan. "I have discussed this matter with the President," he said, "and he has authorized me to state that the views herein expressed meet with his approval. I believe, therefore, under all the circumstances, the loan should be made."

Some sources on Capitol Hill believe that such help has extended too far. One Congressman said that he would like to know if the Government realizes that it is creating a monopoly in the prefabricated housing field by subsidizing Lustron. This phase of the matter is sufficient to demand further inquiry into the project, the Congressman said.

He contended that in his opinion the investigation had just begun. "I feel very strongly," he said, "that we should not let it drop here. There is too much at stake. There are too many unanswered questions."

The taxpayers are beginning to ask questions, too. They want to know if the RFC's action amounts to nothing more than throwing good money after bad. Some persons believe that the controversial lending spree of the agency is a futile attempt to make good by those now charged with the responsibility of the original decision.

Meanwhile the costly experiment in prefabricated housing goes on. And prefabricated housing—as far as RFC is concerned—apparently means the Lustron Corporation. That's the way it looks as Uncle Sam, through 100 million taxpayers, continues to play Santa Claus for a project of highly-questionable return. Can Lustron ever break even, produce cheap houses, and re-pay its loans—or will it inevitably collapse under the weight of its debts?

Washington waits and watches. For much of the future of government participation in private enterprise will be decided by the results of this expensive undertaking.

Unhappiness at a traditional grid game is registered by all present —except the young lady—in original STAG cover painting by Albert Fisher.

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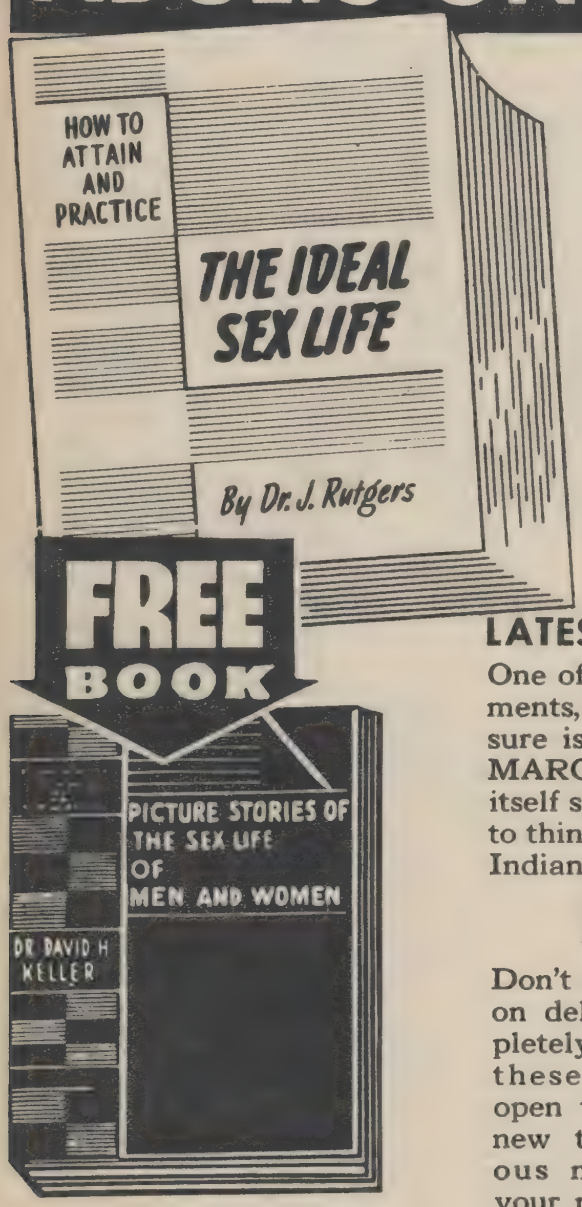
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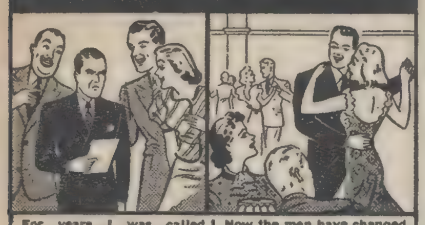

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wolf woman. . . WOW!

continued from page 52

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hollywood

continued from page 45

(*Continued from page* 39)

their place. They inspire healthy masculine emotions. But male dreams about these amiable girls do not include anything like wanting such a bombshell for wife. Indeed, the average male wishes fervently that his women would stop trying to dress like and talk like these movie queens.

Put to it, American husbands want their wives to resemble their mothers. But their wives are trying to mold the husbands into Bogarts, Taylors, and Webbs. It's a sensational oddity. Think it over.

The unrealistic influence of the movies extends, through the womenfolk, even to the children. This is, seriously, one of the saddest and most tragic examples of mass movie hysteria that can be cited.

All over the country there have sprung up dramatic and dancing schools which promise to get talented children parts, even contracts, in Hollywood. This is not to say that there are not honest dancing and dramatic schools, or to criticize these good schools. But the racket schools are responsible first for turning out an unconscionable number of brattish, show-off moppets who should be drowned in hot oil, and second for inspiring a smaller but nonetheless tragic number of divorces.

Because they see precocious kids on screen, the mamas want their kids to be like them. They want them to be movie stars. They want to go to Hollywood. And several thousands do go to Hollywood annually, dragging their hopeless offsprings by their protesting little fists.

Now—there is not a dancing school or a drama school anywhere in the United States which has the authority even to suggest a Hollywood connection. But these thousands of women, from Mississippi to Maine, are upsetting their homes or leaving their homes (no man ever took his child to Hollywood) because of the movies.

It's about time husbands said, firmly: "Forget it, babe. Poisonivy is a nice little girl and I don't want her to act like a Hollywood brat or go to Hollywood and be a Hollywood brat. Leave her stay home and play in the mud and be my daughter."

Lately, in the women's service magazines, I have spied a number of forthright, informative articles about young women in business, their chances and their best bets. The articles make no fancy promises, set forth plainly the difficulties and the tedium that attend any normal office where the work has to be got out. But any hiring line executive knows that the young things applying for jobs this summer have been influenced by something else. Any small-town father whose dumpling yearns to go off to the City and work for an advertising agency knows what's inspiring all the nonsense.

There's a scene in every motion picture with a business office background that gives me the sweats. It's this:

After a hard day's work at the advertising agency (girls in pictures always work for advertising agencies, very glamorous, you know), Baby Doll, who's a secretary, trots home to prepare for a date with the boss's son. Does she walk up three flights, or enter a room occupied by two other girls as any away-from-home, thirty-five dollar a week secretary invariably does? Why, of course not. She is greeted by a uniformed doorman and ascends to an eight-room apartment furnished with stunning lucite, glass brick, and naturally, white rugs.

How she does this on less than half a yard a week is not explained, since the lady's impeccable virtue is usually the basis of the plot, but it appears that thousands of young women believe it *can* be done. Ask any advertising man. Hand in hand with this depressing scene is the one in which the little country girl trots from desk to desk in a busy office, brightly saving account executives from horrible blunders and getting promoted to department head in two weeks flat.

Allah knows, doctors are wry about being represented on screen as Young Dr. Kildares performing appendectomies with fountain pens; newspapermen resent being shown as drunken apes, lawyers detest the way they appear on screen, and so on; but the gents are not deluded. They know they are being caricatured. Work is dull, hard, and usually unrewarding. They know it. But the young ladies, having had no chance to observe this, are charging into office work like Loretta Young after the Cadillac account. It's painful, and the movies are to blame.

Now and again, of course, a constant theatregoer like me who enjoys movies *anyway,* always hopeful, like a boy with an eye on the sidewalk gratings where dimes can be found, gets genuinely encouraged by Hollywood's efforts. Pictures such as "Gentlemen's Agreement" or "Home of the Brave," or the honest and amusing "Stratton Story" come along. But stack the best of Hollywood against the best adult pictures made abroad and the comparison is disastrous. It suffices merely to mention "Hamlet," "Henry V," "Open City," "Odd Man Out," "Paisan," and "The Red Shoes." Against anything resembling accurate, or sophisticated, reporting of America, Hollywood's current product is as a seventh-grade essay against a piece by Gunther.

It is not entirely because of national pride or even because they don't want our pictures to make money in their country that the British try their best to keep American films out of their theaters. The tradewise English know that when those American products are shown on screen, those penthouses, those butt-sprung modernistic chairs, those expensive homes, those lucite and glass-bricked offices, those blonde bathrooms, those extreme skirts—the British know that their womenfolk will demand them.

Our womenfolk have already got 'em, to our vast discomfort and annoyance. A painful wave of gracious living, along with tossed salads and leatherette bars, is sweeping this country. It is high time, men, past time, gents, that we rose on our hind legs and slapped somebody down. As between Hollywood and the women, the choice is obvious.

But you'll have to excuse me now. I've got a little something to talk over with momma. Something about a glass brick wall with ivy smack in the middle of our living room. . . .

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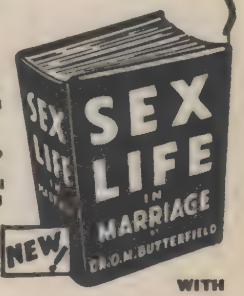

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the Old Howard

Continued from page 37

send him into a towering tizzy. The kids are required to show up at the theatre at 11:30 A.M. and go home for the night at 11, except on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, when there are late shows or rehearsals. Their average pay is between $40 and $45 a week. Strippers these days get as high as $500 a week, with run-of-the-G-string types working for $125 or $150.

Weldon likes to call his Old Howard productions "variety shows." They usually include a couple of vaudeville-type "extra-added attractions" in addition to five or six strip numbers and a dozen or more comedy blackouts and "production numbers." Sometimes, he calls the shows by the Italian name of burletta. He never uses the word burlesque if he can avoid it.

"Burlesque," he says, "sounds so vulgar."

Vulgar or not, burlesque is what the Old Howard has been presenting for the past sixty years. Except among antiquarians, its ecclesiastical beginnings and its glamorous heyday as the favorite Boston stage of the Boothes, Forrest and Kean are forgotten, although mementoes of those great days are still present. Hidden behind a spidery network of fire-escapes and the accumulated grime of the years are the vaulting, three-story-high windows which look as though they had been intended for a cathedral. And, inside, the pure Elizabethan architecture, with terraced rows of seats arranged in a semi-circle before the stage and the two balconies set way back and hung one directly above the other, are reminders of the way theatres looked in Shakespeare's day. The Howard is, as a matter of fact, one of the very few Shakespearean theatres in the country. The Metropolitan Opera House in New York is another.

The orchestra floor is, surprisingly, one flight up from the street level, an incongruity resulting from the caution of the original builders, who rented out the first floor to a brewery. They figured that if the theatre didn't make a go of it, they would still have an income from the building. Nowadays, the brewery floor is unused, except at the rear where the chorus dressing rooms are ranged in a row like horses' stalls.

One of the many minor distinctions of the Old Howard is the fact that there is actually no stage door. The actors make their entrances and exits through a grocery store which occupies the left-hand corner of the building at street-level. (The other side is taken up by a shoe-shine and hat-cleaning establishment.)

Backstage primping at The Old Howard.

Another of the old theatre's distinctive characteristics is the complete absence of any historical markers on its facade. The Old Howard is probably the only building in Boston of comparable age and importance which doesn't bear some sort of plaque. Even in soggy Scollay Square, around the corner, there are a number of bronze tablets attached to decrepit tenements, marking such places as the 17th Century site of the Free Writing School, the second educational institution to be set up in the city, or the spot where Colonial Governor John Endicott once slept.

A few years ago, there was some talk of rectifying the situation and putting up a plaque commemorating the Howard's colorful and varied place in Boston history. The movement never got very far, however, and the ancient and grimy facade of the auditorium is still as naked of such adornment as the day it was erected.

"It's just as well," says owner Rufus Somerby, a genial, easy-going man who has been connected with the Old Howard since 1900, when he got his first job there as a ticket-taker.

"Put up a plaque," he says, "and the first thing you know, the customers would stay away. They'd be liable to think it was a museum."

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- Sex Intercourse Must be Learned
- When Husband and Wife Cannot Keep Pace.
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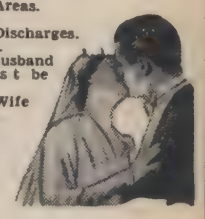

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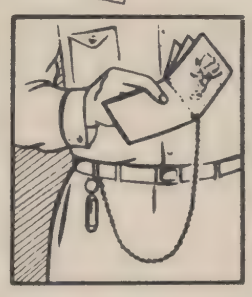

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★ movie review

"easy living"

Riding at the top of the heap as No. 1 pro grid ace, Pete Wilson (Victor Mature) pals around with teammate (Tufts) and a photog (Stewart).

Pete's wife, Liza (Lizabeth Scott), thoroughly worries him by pursuing her career. Finally, their marriage appears headed for divorce court.

THIS picture is an unusual Hollywood production in that it is a sports film in which all the events leading up to the "big game" are actually subordinated to the drama involving the personal lives of the principal—football hero Pete Wilson (Victor Mature). In this respect the screen play follows the original Irwin Shaw story—about gridiron heroes in the play-for-pay ranks. As the highest paid man on his team, Wilson finds himself faced with a multiplicity of problems as his wife Liza (Lizabeth Scott) squanders money, makes a play for a wealthy character while he finds out he has a heart ailment which threatens to curtail his playing career, and then the deal for a college coaching berth falls through. Stars beside Mature and Miss Scott, include Lucille Ball, Sonny Tufts, and Lloyd Nolan with Jack Paar and Paul Stewart in good supporting roles.

Listless play earns Wilson dressing down from coach (Lloyd Nolan), also promise of bonus for return to form.

Knowing game may be last because of heart ailment, Pete drinks, meets Ann (Lucille Ball), coach's secretary.

Truth about his physical condition is disclosed in dressing room as the players prepare to take the field in the championship game. End is big surprise.

Despite its gridiron-story background, new RKO film sticks to its realistic theme

packey o'gatty

continued from page 20

the boys were given tickets which they were supposed to sell and keep half. Packey sold one ticket for 50c, so his end of the purse actually amounted to a quarter!

Packey fought some of the best little men of his generation—Frankie Burns, Pete Herman, Kid Williams, Roy Moore, Frankie Jerome and Babe Herman. When Dempsey knocked out Georges Carpentier at Boyle's Thirty Acres back in 1921, Packey fought an 8-round no-decision bout with Frankie Burns. Since this was a preliminary to the big fight, and Station WEAF had arranged for Major J. Andrew White to be present with a microphone, Packey's fight thus was the first to be broadcast over the air.

The little man earned about $200,000 in the ring but by 1922 was pretty much washed up. Early that year, while sparring with Jack Dempsey at a charity affair, Packey met with what he now terms "an accident." One of Dempsey's left hooks connected with Packey's left eye. He suffered a serious injury to the retina. Only a delicate operation miraculously healed the eye up. He was out of the ring for six months. Then he went out to the Coast where he fought some more.

By 1927, Packey's days as a fighter apparently were ended. He shipped out to the Orient as an ordinary seaman, as broke as the day he first entered the ring. Arriving in Japan, he went one night with some friends to a Yokohama geisha house. There, the usual argument as to the relative merits of ju-jitsu and boxing arose. Packey, who was in his cups, claimed he could beat any ju-jitsu expert who lived. Immediately, he was matched with a Jap named Shimakada. A purse of 500 yen was collected.

Shimakado lunged toward Packey, shrieking wildly. Packey feinted and side-stepped. As the Jap hurtled by, Packey let fly a terrific punch behind Shimakado's ear. The Jap toppled to the floor. Packey looked around for the stakeholder.

That worthy and the 500 yen had disappeared together.

When he returned to the States, Packey performed in a George Abbott play, playing the role of a fighter. This was not too difficult, but the play did not last long. After five weeks the production closed, and O'Gatty was at liberty again. Some time later, he got a job on the S.S. Leviathan as physical instructor, and pursued this trade for several years. It was then that he first began giving people rub-downs. After a workout they would ask for a massage—and who was Packey to refuse? He had picked up the rudiments watching trainers when he was a fighter. Besides, he had a natural talent for it. "Either you got it, or you don't," he says. "It's all in the hands."

After playing a part as Chico Marx's stand-in in "Animal Crackers," which Paramount made in its Astoria studio, Packey went back to sea again. He proved so adept as a masseur that Sir Thomas Lipton gave him an inscribed wrist watch which Packey wears proudly to this day. Other famous passengers, too, were impressed with his personality and expert ability to administer rub-downs.

Word about him spread. When Packey finally obtained a masseur's license in 1934, he had no trouble finding customers.

As a matter of fact, his clients always find him. Packey does not advertise, has no office, and is not listed in the phone directory as a masseur. "People just hear about me," he explains. "One person tells the other. That's how I get my clients."

One woman heard about him in Honolulu, later came to New York, and looked him up. She was so pleased with his treatments that she had a Countess Mara tie with a boxing motif made especially for Packey, and presented it as a Christmas gift. Another client, a wealthy liquor distributor, treated Packey to a trip to England on the Queen Mary. It was Packey's first vacation in years.

Packey still lives on New York's East Side, where he feels most at home. He shares a four-room apartment at 265 Lafayette Street with his parents, two of his brothers and a sister. The family name is Agati, but Packey acquired an Irish cognomen when prizefight announcers distorted it to sound like O'Gatty.

The name stuck, and became one to reckon with.

Intimately associated with some of the nation's most glamorous women, Packey nevertheless remains a bachelor. He dotes on his mother and her Italian-style cooking. Early in the morning he sometimes walks uptown to 59th Street, and has breakfast at a cafeteria on Madison Avenue. More often he has it at home, at times starting off with a tablespoon of pure olive oil. Occasionally, he walks across the Brooklyn Bridge at dawn, enjoying the view of the city. Right after breakfast he usually goes to a cigar store on 57th Street, which is his hangout. The clerks know him well, and take messages for him. When clients call up and he is not at home, his mother relays the message to the cigar store.

She knows that sooner or later he will turn up there.

Packey has the reputation for being a soft touch, and many an expug, down on his luck, has taken advantage of it. He finds it hard to refuse anyone even the most unreasonable request. Once he got a call in the middle of the night from an old Society dowager and hurried right over to her Fifth Avenue mansion. The lady met him at the door, holding her pet French poodle. "Poor Mitzi," the lady moaned, "she can't sleep. Could you give her a massage?"

Packey didn't have the heart to refuse. He stroked the dog's neck, quieted her down, collected his fee, and blithely departed.

The little man hasn't got an enemy in the world, and that fact probably pleases him more than anything. He likes his work, likes people, and earns a nice income. His usual fee is $5 for a half hour massage, and he's gotten as much as $20 on occasion. With no formal training, no capital investment, and no overhead, he considers his the best business in the world. Only one thing ever upset his equilibrium, though.

Once he was working on Zorita, the snake dancer, when suddenly he felt something cold and clammy on his leg. "Hey, get that thing off me!" Packey yelled. Zorita, who is so attached to her snakes that she keeps them in her room, argued that they were harmless. Packey, however, was adamant.

Handling snakes—well, that's going too far. Packey feels he's got to draw the line somewhere.

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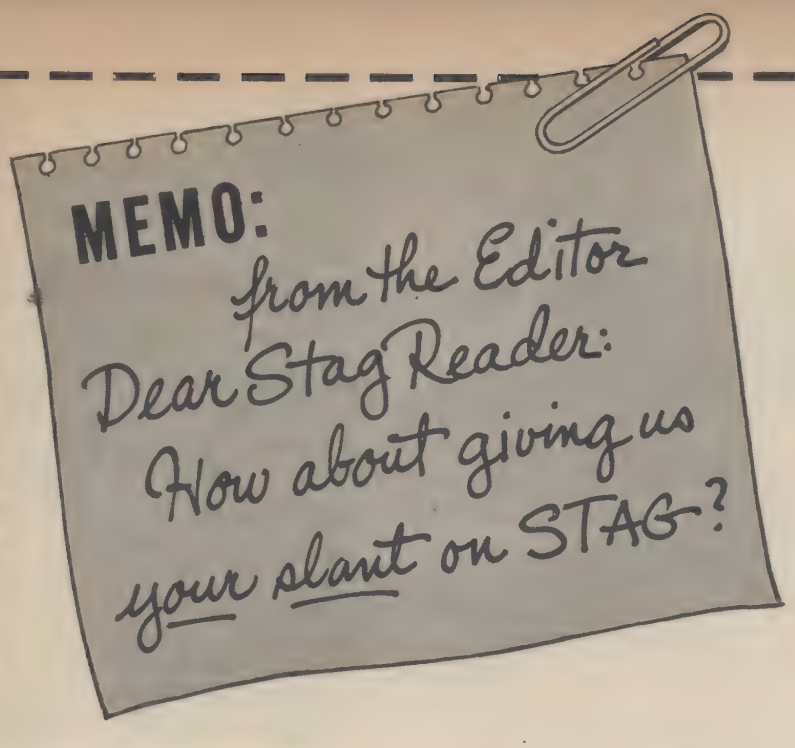

Our idea is to publish the best men's magazine in the field—and we figure the best men's magazine ultimately will be the one which offers the kind of reading material you guys go for. And the best way to find this out, short of polling each reader individually, which is obviously both impractical and impossible, is to give you this chance to *write and tell us.* To make that chore a little easier we've had this form drawn up.

Help us give you a real men's magazine —by letting us know what men want to read about!

(1.) Following are listed the feature articles which you will have seen in this issue. Using dotted line at the left of each title, please list them in number of your preference. (If you liked "Bombay" best, write No. 1, at the left, etc.)

. . . . We're Headed for Polygamy!
. . . . What's Wrong with Our Air Force?
. . . . Government-Sponsored Housing Scandal!
. . . . Packey Gets His Pound of Flesh
. . . . Hell Cities Behind the Iron Curtain
. . . . "I Saw Bombay Ablaze!"
. . . . The Truth About Toots
. . . . Boston's Bawdy Side—The Old Howard
. . . . Everybody Loves the Yale Fat man
. . . . Trailing the White-Tailed Deer
. . . . Hollywood Is Ruining Your Wife!
. . . . Movie Magician

(2.) Which are you mostly interested in, of the following subjects—and therefore which would you prefer to read about, mostly, in STAG?

Famous People ..... True Adventure .....
Sports ..... War Stories .....
Hunting & Fishing ..... "Inside News" .....
Others ....

(Use numbers to show order of preference)

(3.) Are you totally disinterested in any of the above? If so, itemize:

....
....
....

(4.) Going back to the list of features which appear in this issue, were there any to which you found particular objection? If so list them by title: .....
.....
.....
.....
.....

(5.) Do you like the pictures which appear in Stag? yes ☐ no ☐. Do you feel there are *(enough, too many)* of them.

(6.) Do you feel there is any place for fiction stories in this type of a men's magazine? yes ☐ no ☐.

(7.) Other comments or recommendations:

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when you've checked in your answers, please clip this quiz, and send it with your name and address to STAG.

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More than glad to give you my comments and ideas about your new magazine for men.

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movie magician

(continued from page 49)

Kramer went to Hollywood to start things rolling, but after seven months of vacillations and money trouble and disagreements with Deutsch and Horne, he sold his stock in the company and got out. He was back where he started before the war, with some small change in his pocket and a desire to make movies on his own.

Using the last of his money to get movie rights to the two Ring Lardner stories, Kramer was about to go into his old routine of pressing his nose against the windows of banks. "That was the next step," he explained, "but I decided to work backwards."

It was this idea that grew into the theory on which Screen Plays Corporation is founded. The idea of surrounding a property with talent first, then going after money. Kramer united a group of young creative people who wanted to make pictures and were interested in the properties he had optioned. He offered them partnerships in his company, a share of whatever profits might be made on movies that might be produced.

After "This Is New York" was completed, Kramer's outfit was broke again. It takes months, sometimes years, before the returns on a picture are realized and Stan's job was to keep his gang eating while he tried to build a fire under "Champion". He got some of them jobs, Foreman going over to RKO for eight weeks while "Champion" was in preparation.

Kramer's wanderings in search of money took him all the way to Miami, where he met a retired department store owner named Robert Stillman. This gentleman put up a small sack of gold to get the fight picture underway. Screen Plays moved out of their office at Nassour over to Motion Picture Center, a group of sound stages built by the Army during the war. Here, everyone worked around the clock to make "Champion" a winner.

Realizing that it is while a picture is in the shooting stage that money is burned up—and having very little to burn—Kramer worked out a method of making every take on film as sure and economical as possible. He could not afford delays or retakes. Every shot, every camera angle, was sketched by an artist under the producer's scrutiny. Faulty sketches can be changed cheaply. Sets can not. All the sets were built two weeks before the shooting started. The actors rehearsed every scene on these sets and any changes that had to be made in action or lines were made before any film was inserted in the camera.

Kramer's second movie was shot in twenty-three days, at a cost of $569,000. A comparable independent production, "Body And Soul" used up over a million dollars and took sixty days on sound stages and locations. A bank also had a piece of "Champion", but backer Stillman was so

(*Continued on page* 65)

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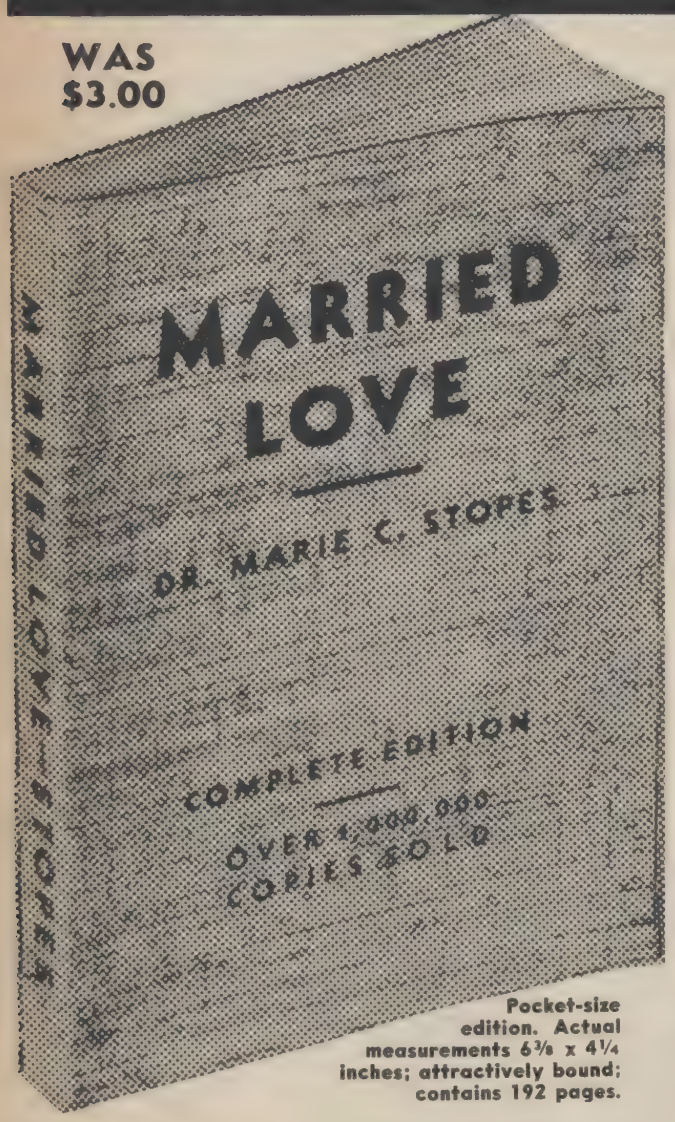

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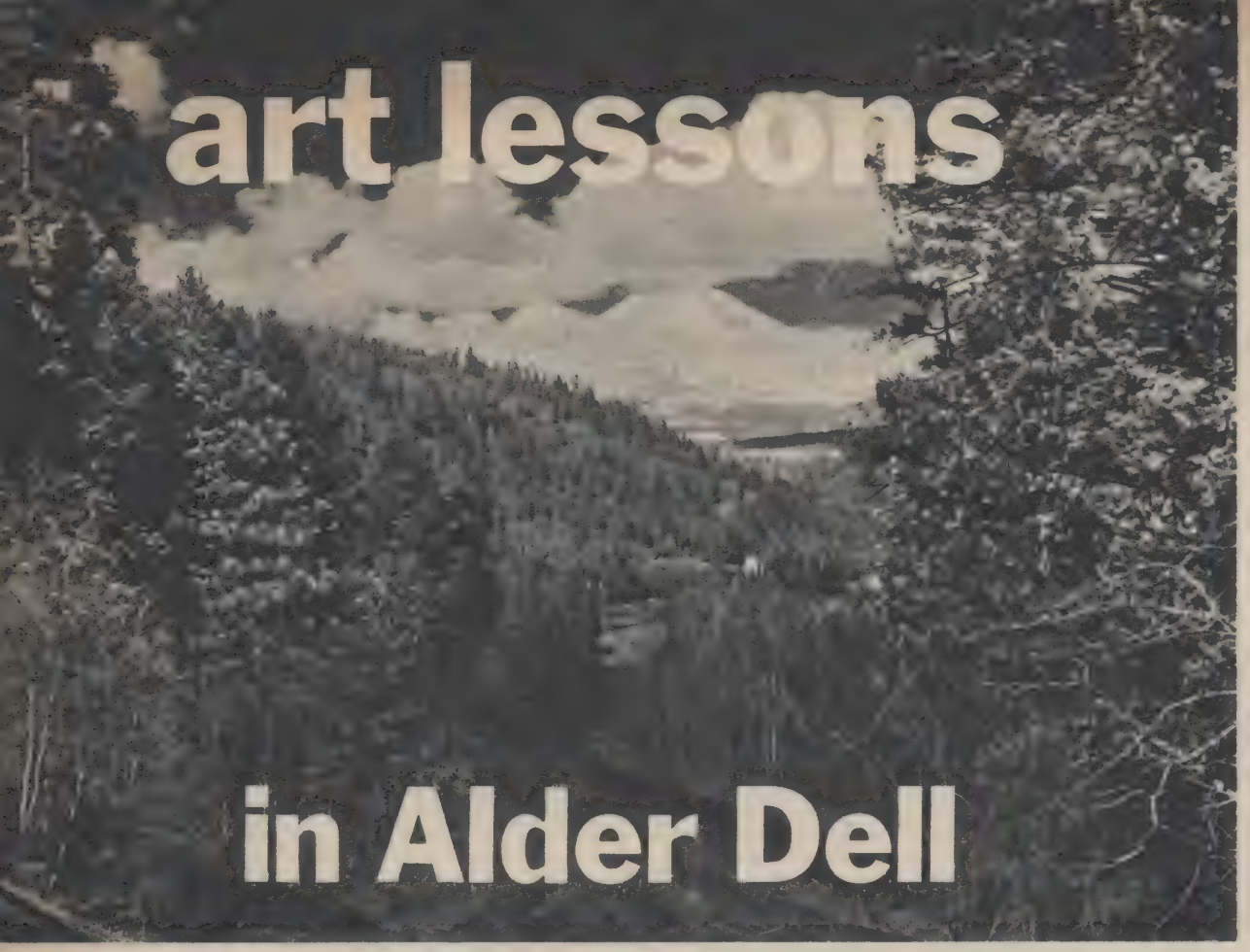
art lessons in Alder Dell



The eternal snowcap of lordly Mount St. Helens in the distance looks toward Alder Dell in Pinchot Forest.

Secluded cove in State of Washington's Gifford Pinchot National Forest is favorite nook of artists and models

STAG CAMERA EXCLUSIVE
BY MAURINE NEUBERGER

ALDER Dell, a spot of bucolic isolation on the Southern fringe of the newly-named Gifford Pinchot National Forest in the state of Washington is an idyllic location, if you would believe blonde model Cathy McDonald, who has posed for artists in the deeply secluded Northwest cove.

Great stumps and trout-filled creeks dot the entire forest, which has inevitably become a favorite sketching and painting site for artists who pour into the woodland from Portland, Vancouver, Tacoma, Seattle, and other cities of the region.

Miss McDonald, a recent migrant to the Northwest from Illinois, has thrilled to the majestic but serene setting provided by the Pinchot National Forest—and Alder Dell.

Like many other models before her, she has posed on the stumps of once-gigantic fir trees that are easily centuries old.

The 1,500,000-acre preserve (formerly Columbia National Forest), one of America's 152 national forests, bears the name of the man who helped to establish the United States conservation policy nearly 50 years ago.

Model Cathy McDonald, an alabaster statue amidst the lush evergreen verdure of Alder Dell, a perfect subject for Washington's artist group.

While a female artist assembles her paints in the background, Miss McDonald catches 40 winks of invaluable beauty rest on soft duff of the valley.

Wrapped in a towel, model Cathy, perched on her rustic pedestal, waits for sketching to be resumed in wilderness glade of this Western national forest.

Posed on dais that was growing long before American Revolution, Cathy is sketched by Roy Wolfe and Rose Marie Kennelly, Prexy of Oregon Artists.

The long day in Pinchot National Forest at an end, Cathy and artist friends, carrying equipment, emerge from preserve via Dell's well-marked trail.

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- Other sex act instruction
- Intercourse methods
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- Male and female sex organs
- Vital parts of sex organs
- Remedies for undeveloped sex organs
- Sex act itself
- Matching sex compatibility
- First bridal sex act
- "Safe Period" charts
- Delaying climax
- Reaching climax together
- Climax effect on man, woman
- Too much or too little intercourse controlled
- Best time and place for sex act
- 5 senses important in sex
- Sensation parts of woman

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hell cities . . .

(Continued from page 23)

he was down, his shins were laid over a curb stone and a soldier jumped on them until they cracked. Then—although useless—they threw him on a labor train bound for Siberia.

In Danzig, a city the size of Dayton, Ohio, I found the same bleak picture of misery. Scarcely 2,000 persons remain of the town's original population of 270,000. Among the survivors I found a group of 26 German nationals, all women, all living in the dank hole of a cellar under a fire gutted apartment house. There was no electricity, no running water. Cooking was done on a smoking, cracked cast iron stove. The walls were slimy wet with seepage and the air was thick with the odor of despair, decay, and death. Haggard and dressed in rags the girls formed one of the city's official prostitution pools.

For three days I thought I would have to go back to Berlin, swing south through the American zone, then dodge in behind the Iron Curtain again. Fortunately, my Polish contacts which had proved so reliable during and since the war, arranged for me to ride south on a Russian freight train. I was to smuggle aboard in Danzig and stick with the train until I had arrived in the area I wanted to visit—or was caught!

The brakeman of the train was a Ukrainian, and more importantly, a stout member of the UPA, today one of the best underground armies fighting communism. I was to wait outside the marshalling yards where the train stopped briefly to pick up its escort guard and stand inspection. At the appointed hour I hid myself beside the right of way in a clump of underbrush. The long freight, made up of box cars and former coaches which had been stripped of their seats to hold cargo, pulled up and I darted aboard the coach marked with a chalk "I"—the signal agreed upon.

The brakeman was waiting for me. He grabbed my arm and thrust me toward the tiny, evil smelling rest room, hoarsely whispering in broken Polish, "You safe there. Get in."

I started when he locked the steel door. I was trapped. I thought of what a fool I was to get into such a predicament, I wanted to get out! Then panic-stricken, I heard the approaching stomp of heavy military boots. The inspection tour! Finally, the boots stopped outside the door. The doorknob rattled and I heard a Russian voice roar an unintelligible order. But the brakeman's voice cut in quickly, and evidently satisfied that the door was permanently locked, the boots moved on. I breathed again.

My cell had some advantages. A clean rough plank was laid on top of the filthy, cracked toilet, giving me a chance to rest. As soon as the train started moving, a stab of cold, fresh wind hit me and I traced it to the wall. A tiny slit allowed me to peer out and observe the country.

Eating from my tiny packet of food I remained in my cell for three days as we slowly worked south through an incredible string of empty cities. Ghostly Stettin, Landsberg (now Gorzow) where the train lay over for five hours, then 120 miles further south through Grünberg (Zielona Gora) to Liegnitz (now Lignica), where the train shuffled and switched for several hours permitting me to see street after street empty of all life. Next, 40 miles west of Liegnitz, we came to Breslau, a city as big as San Francisco. The Ukrainian brakeman visited me here, bringing me food and water. After he had checked to be sure the escort guards were far distant he let me stretch my legs.

Then we got moving again, south into Czechoslovakia, to Reichenberg, Gablonz, Jägerndorf—the list is long. I decided to leave the train near Reichenberg. The brakeman unlocked my cell and as we rounded a deep forest pointed to a safe spot to drop off.

On the outskirts of this town I established contact with the underground I had known during my previous visit. Then we walked into the city, past long blocks of empty homes, empty apartment houses, empty stores. After being sure we were not observed I entered one apartment house to see if they had been looted. Surprisingly they had not. Russian soldiers were supposed to guard each block, but the custom was to use one apartment house room as their post. It effectively kept collaborators and other Russians from dragging away household furnishings, but it was not a tight enough cover to keep cautious strangers from having a good look around. In the place I entered the rooms had the look of quick evacuation, although the tenants had left the buildings months ago. Beds looked like they had just been slept in. Scraps of food were still on plates. An open volume of Goethe's poems lay face down on a fireside table. A mesh hearth screen still guarded a burned out fire. Occupants, my guide told me, had been given 60 minutes notice to clear out. All they could take with them were the clothes they were wearing and one suitcase. Then their suitcases were confiscated, a neat method of screening out the most valuable assets of a town's population.

On the outskirts of this city, as on the fringe of other ghost cities I visited, I saw labor battalions working hard to patch up and lengthen air fields, pouring bomb rubble into old craters and hauling huge rollers by hand over the filled-in places. Inside these cities work gangs are commonly observed clearing wide areas of all buildings leaving open lines of fire to play on any infantry or tank assault teams. Underground water channels such as those used to lead water from distant reservoirs into large cities are being heaped with rock and old bricks further to shield vital water supply lines from bombing.

I discovered finally the reason for these preparations when I reached the American zone of Vienna. There significant details of what I had seen and heard were recorded. But I wanted information, too. I wanted some answers to explain what Russia was doing. Why were these towns being depopulated of their former inhabitants when there was work to be done, markets to be manned, utilities to be operated?

Why, for instance, was Russia starting to repopulate some towns such as Königsberg, the East Prussian city of a population equal to that of Denver, Colorado, where already a quarter of a million Russians have been moved in—many of them veterans of hold-at-all-cost street fighting —while leaving others gaping empty?

Then I found out. My sources were officials of DP Relocation Centers, men who had heard so many thousands of stories from their charges that they could get an accurate, continent-wide picture. An Austrian banker who had turned his hand to operating a thriving black market for the benefit of high Russian officers was frank to admit his knowledge. But the nugget of information which gave significance to this outwardly insane, cruel and hellish program was the story told Allied intelligence officers by the Russian Lt. Gen. Chaparitze, who escaped from the MVD to reveal among other secrets the details of the still Zhdanov Plan.

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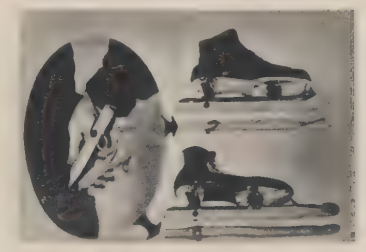

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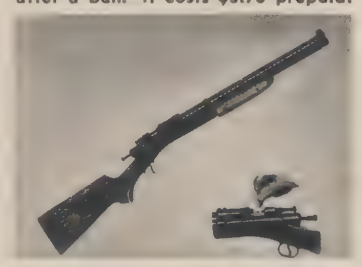

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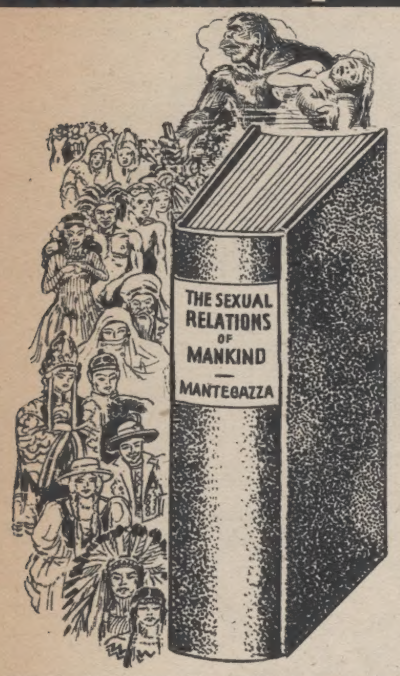

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General Andre Zhdanof, decorated by Stalin as Hero of the Soviet Union because of his brilliant command of civilian and military forces defending Stalingrad, was the brains behind the Kremlin plan to form a deep belt of "fighting cities" *outside* of Russia, but *inside* the Iron Curtain. These cities, each designed to be a Stalingrad, were the cities I visited, and the signs of change I saw in them are the phases needed to put the Zhdanof Plan into operation. There phases are:

STAGE ONE. By generally accepted communist tactics, subjugate the nation. Once the Red Army and the MVD have arrived to force the subject public to follow Kremlin control the nation is ready for . . .

STAGE TWO. By evacuating the cities the Russians neatly accomplish two necessary acts at one time. First it is the cities of any country which traditionally house the so-called "intelligensia," the teachers, writers, scientists, politicians, and businessmen who would most strongly oppose communism. If the MVD orders the entire population of a city evacuated, then revolt is stifled. A second advantageous gain is manpower. Russia is still not a machine-age country. It not only lacks the skills and equipment to make machinery in important volume, but its citizens cannot operate intricate machines. As a result practically all farm work, earth moving tasks and timber operations are performed by the strength of men's muscles.

STAGE THREE. When a city has been evacuated it is open for Russian repopulation. Two advantages immediately accrue. The Kremlin provides housing for an ill-housed public. This public is in a position to help Russia in the event of war by resisting foreign attack, a la Stalingrad, or act as a springboard in an aggressive war.

This basically is the reasoning behind the Zhdanof Plan. Allied officials with whom I discussed its strategy were frank to admit it gives Moscow an excellent chance of making permanent its European land grab. For instance, each city evacuated of former residents and repopulated by Russians or other communists continues as the center of local trade and industry. Farmers who are in the best position to resist communism are thus forced either to do business with communists or do no business at all. There is, therefore, both a political as well as an economic strangle-hold on the country. This is the sort of grip which can make Eastern Germans, Poles, Liths, Slavs, Croats, Czechs, Albanians, Ukrainians, Bulgars, and Austrians look to Moscow for their livelihood indefinitely.

The Zhdanof Plan, however, is more than a mere economic program. It has as its main function the creation of a defense cushion between the USSR and the democratic west. Based on a three line defense-in-depth framework, its more than 50 cities, each of the Stalingrad type, are strung like beads on a string along the Trieste-Stettin Line, the Curzon Line from the Baltic to the Carpathian Mountains, and the last ditch line, the Dnieper-Pripet Marshes Line.

Gen. Zhdanof, who won sincere respect as a military leader of greatness from such allied generals as Eisenhower, Bradley, and Patton, has convinced his Kremlin masters that the United States would never drop atomic bombs on the major cities of western Germany, Poland, the Baltic States, Austria, Czechoslovakia, or the Balkan States. Since he fears no atomic attack Zhdanof has prepared his cities and their coming Russian occupants to resist a land attack or help mount a Russian offensive.

Either way, war or nervous peace, Zhdanof's hell cities serve a useful purpose—to worry the rest of the peaceful, civilized world.

movie magician

(Continued from page 60)

pleased with Kramer's methods and results that he bankrolled the entire cost of the young producer's next try, "Home Of The Brave."

The fight that didn't get into the brutal ring scenes in "Champion" was the one Kramer waged to get Kirk Douglas for the lead in his movie. Douglas, who was just beginning to come up the pike in pictures, had been offered a starring rolt at Metro, when Kramer approached him and asked him to play the fighter, "Midge Kelly". The actor was enthusiastic about the part, but his agent, friends and wise, old heads in Hollywood advised him not to take it. Or, as his pals put it, in the current movieland language, "How crazy can you get?"

Douglas decided to find out and turned down the fat MGM offer to cast his lot with the wobbly independent company. "Once he came in with us, he gave it both knees," Kramer said. "I think it's one of the finest movie performances ever seen."

If the present products of past "boy wonders" are any guide, it would be unwise to predict that Stanley Kramer will still be whipping out wonderful pictures in the next decade. Howard Hughes, whose first fling was the exciting epic "Hells Angels", has deteriorated to the outlandish "The Outlaw". Mervyn LeRoy, who began with the stirring anti-lynch film, "They Won't Forget," has been grinding out mediocre musicals and other sentimental hogwash. Orson Welles, who started with a bang doing the bizarre and interesting "Citizen Kane" has dwindled down to a whimper with his last offering, the shallow and tricky "Lady From Shanghai." Only Irving Thalberg remains the immortal boy genius, but he died before age or Hollywood could begin to corrupt him.

Money being considered by many to be the root of all evil and artistic decay, Kramer is safe for a little while. He has no money. Until his share of the profits on his last two pictures has been ascertained and handed over for divvying, he has nothing in his pockets but the pebbles he picks up in front of his small shack on the beach at Malibu.

"Independent producers are always the last to get paid off," he said. "And I'm not in the class of a certain producer who boasted 'when I say I'm broke that doesn't mean I'm poor'. I'm really poor. I've been living on borrowed money."

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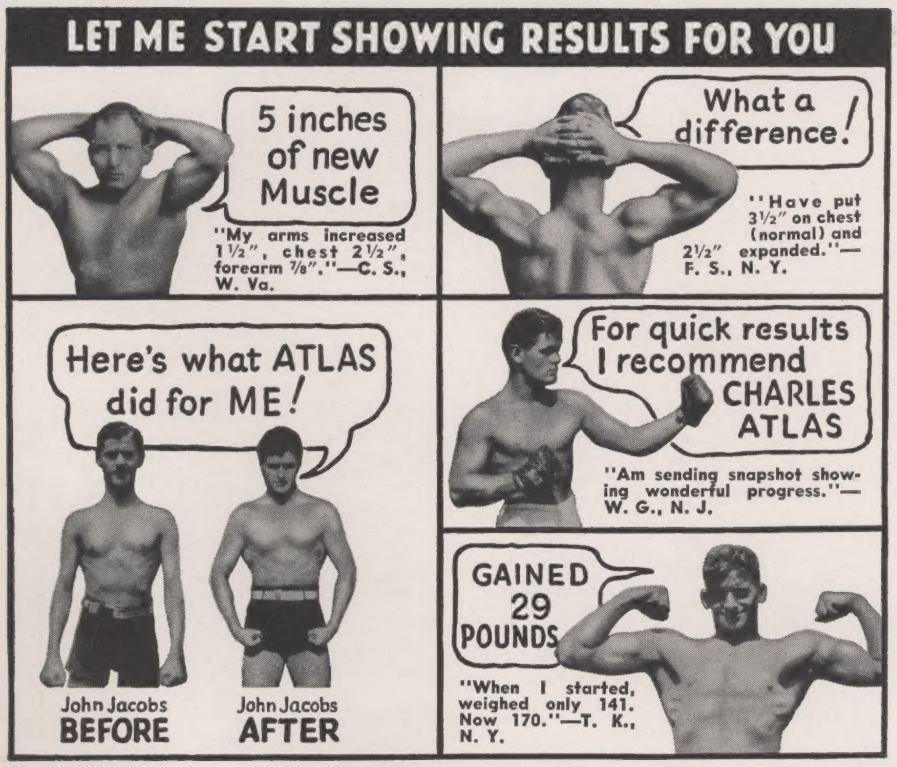
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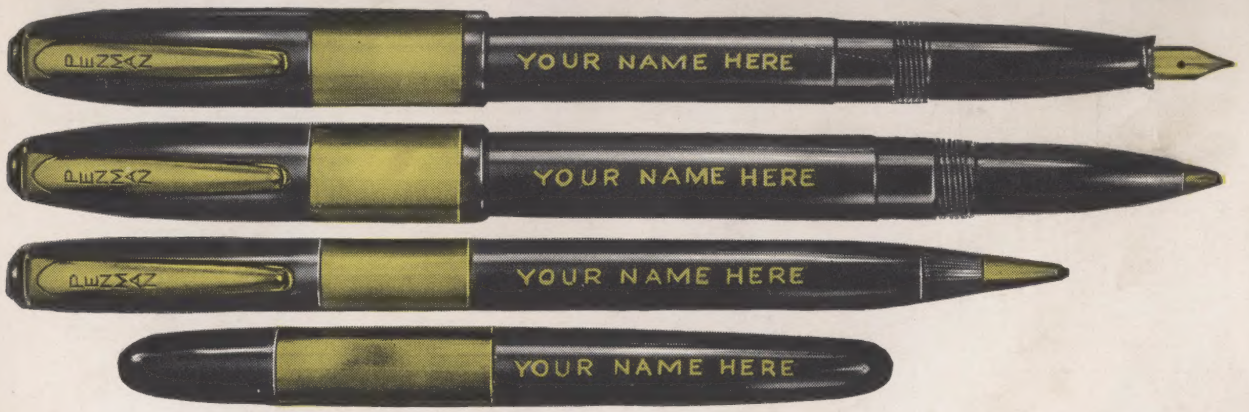

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Has identical ball point found on $15 pens . . . NO DIFFERENCE! Rolls new 1949 indelible dark-blue ball pen ink dry as you write. Makes 10 carbon copies. Writes under water or high in planes. Can't leak or smudge. Ink supply will last up to 1 year depending on how much you write. Refills at any drug store. Deep pocket clip.

3 MECHANICAL PENCIL

Grips standard lead and just a twist propels, repels, expels. Shaped to match fountain pen and ball pen and feels good in your hand. Unscrews in middle for extra lead reservoir and eraser. Mechanically perfect and should last a lifetime!

4 NEW POCKETTE

Closed it's a little bigger than a cigarette, yet opens to a full-size, full service pen. The amazing NEW POCKETTE ball point is for men, women and children . . . for pocket or purse. Smart, popular, handy. Complete with full-size ink cartridge.

Not to give away . . . not to sell . . . but to advertise! That is why the PENMAN brings this new FOUR-PIECE PEN-PENCIL SET FOR ONLY $1.97! It's the bargain offer of the century . . . direct factory to you! Remember, your name in gold letters on all four writing instruments! Mail coupons or write today.

10-DAY HOME TRIAL
FULL YEAR'S GUARANTEE
DOUBLE MONEY-BACK OFFER
SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON

Never before and perhaps never again such beauty, such expert workmanship, such instant and dependable writing service at this ridiculous price! Only by special arrangement do readers of this magazine get this FOUR-PIECE writing set for pocket or purse, with your name in gold letters on all four writing instruments for only $1.97. Competition says the Penman is "raving mad" . . . "impossible" "headed for bankruptcy." The Penman says this is his way of advertising! Mail coupon and decide for yourself!

THIS COUPON FOR YOU

Penman Company, Dept. 643-M
349 W. Ontario, Chicago 10, Illinois

Okay, "miracle man," prove it! Send PERFECTLY MATCHED FOUNTAIN PEN, BALL PEN, MECHANICAL PENCIL and new POCKETTE with my name engraved in gold letters on all four. Enclose year's guarantee certificate. I'll pay $1.97 plus few cents postage on guarantee I can return set after 10 days' trial for cash refund. (Pay in advance and we pay postage.)

ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON ALL 4 PIECES:

_____
(Print plainly . . . avoid mistakes)

Send to (NAME) .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... **ZONE**..... **STATE**.....

NOTE: Same name must be engraved on all four pieces.

THIS COUPON FOR YOUR FRIEND

Penman Company, Dept. 643-M
349 W. Ontario, Chicago 10, Illinois

Okay, "miracle man," prove it! Send PERFECTLY MATCHED FOUNTAIN PEN, BALL PEN, MECHANICAL PENCIL and new POCKETTE with my name engraved in gold letters on all four. Enclose year's guarantee certificate. I'll pay $1.97 plus few cents postage on guarantee I can return set after 10 days' trial for cash refund. (Pay in advance and we pay postage.)

ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON ALL 4 PIECES:

_____
(Print plainly . . . avoid mistakes)

Send to (NAME) .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... **ZONE**..... **STATE**.....

NOTE: Same name must be engraved on all four pieces.

$1.97 FACTORY TO YOU

Imagine! Four gorgeous, instant-writing pens and pencil, matched perfectly in polished, gleaming, colorful, lifetime plastic. *Important*, we will pay you DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK if you can equal this offer anywhere in the world! *More Important*, you use 10 days, then return for full cash refund if you aren't satisfied for any reason. *Most Important*, all four . . . fountain pen, ball pen, mechanical pencil and the new POCKETTE, are each individually guaranteed in writing for one year (they should last a lifetime). Full size. Beautiful. Write instantly without leaking or clogging. The greatest, most amazing value ever offered! Your name in gold letters on all four if you act now. Mail one coupon, give the second coupon to a friend.

This is a special coupon offer appearing only in this Magazine and one other magazine. Never before has such an amazing offer ever been made, and we urge readers to mail coupons today.

The Penman Company, 349 W. Ontario, Chicago 10, Ill.

Because of Customs and non-deliveries we cannot accept Canadian Orders.